Scots

Varieties

No 28219

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A.

WATTY AND MEG;

OR, THE

WIFE REFORMED.

A TRUE TALE.

We dream in Courtſh'p, but in Wedlock wake.

ICER.

Before I married Meg I'll tak' my aith,
Her tongue was never louder than her breath;
But now it's turn'd ſae ſouple and ſae bauld
That Job himſell cou'd never thole the ſcauld.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Braſh & Reid.

WATTY AND MEG.

I.

KEEN the frosty winds war blawin',
Deep the sna' had wreath'd the ploughs,
Watty, wearyt a' day *sawin'* *,
Daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

II.

Dryster Jock was sitting cracky,
Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill,
"Come awa'," quo' Johnny, "Watty!
"Haith we'se ha'e anither gill."

III.

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,
And sae mony nei'bours roun',
Kicket frae his shoon the sna' ba's,
Syne ayont the fire sat down.

IV.

Owre a boord, wi' bannocks heapet,
Cheese, an' stoups, an' glasses stood;
Some war roarin', ithers sleepet,
Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

V.

Jock was sellin' Pate some tallow,
A' the rest a racket hel'
A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow,
Sat and smoket by himsel'.

VI.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
Watty, puffin' out a mouthfu',
Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

* *Sawing Timber.*

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VII.

" What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?
" Trouth your chafts are fa'ing in!
" Something's wrang—I'm vext to ſee you—
" Gudeſake! but ye're deſp'rate thin!"

VIII.

" Aye," quo' Watty, " things are alter'd,
" But it's paſt redemption now,
" O! I wiſh I had been halter'd
" When I marry'd Maggy Howe!

IX.

" I've been poor, and vext, and raggy,
" Try'd wi' troubles no that ſma';
" Them I bore—but marrying Maggy
" Laid the cape-ſtane o' them a'.

X.

" Night and day ſhe's ever yelpin',
" Wi' the weans ſhe ne'er can gree;
" Whan ſhe's tir'd wi' perfect ſkelpin',
" Then ſhe flees like fire on me.

XI.

" See ye, Mungo! when ſhe'll claſh on
" Wi' her everlaſting clack,
" Whiles I've had my neive, in paſſion,
" Liftet up to break her back!"

XII.

' O! for gudeſake, keep frae cuffets!'
Mungo ſhook his head and ſaid,
' Weel I ken what ſort o' life it's;
' Ken ye, Watty, how I did?

XIII.

' After Beſs and I war kippl'd,
' Soon ſhe grew like ony bear,
' Brak' my ſhins, and, when I tippl'd,
' Harl'd out my very hair!

XIV.

' For a *wee* I quietly knuckl'd,
' But whan naething would prevail,

‘ Up my claes and cash I buckl'd,
‘ *Bess! for ever fare ye weel.*

XV.

‘ Then her din grew less and less ay,
‘ Haith I gart her change her tune:
‘ Now a better wife than Bessy
‘ Never stept in leather shoon.

XVI.

‘ Try this, Watty.—Whan ye see her
‘ Ragin' like a roarin' flood,
‘ Swear *that moment* that ye'll lea' her;
‘ That's the way to keep her gude.'

XVII.

Laughing, fangs, and lasses' skirls,
Echo'd now out thro' the roof:
DONE! quo' Pate, and syne his arles
Nail'd the Dryster's wauket loof.

XVIII.

I' the thrang o' stories telling,
Shaking han's, and joking queer,
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
“ Mungo! is our Watty here?”

XIX.

Maggy's weel kent tongue and hurry,
Dartet thro' him like a knife,
Up the door flew—like a fury,
In came Watty's scawlin' wife.

XX.

“ Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
“ O ye snuffy drucken sow!
“ Bringin' wife an' weans to ruin,
“ Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!

XXI.

“ Devil nor your legs war broken!
“ Sic a life nae flesh endures—
“ Toilin' like a slave, to sloken
“ You, ye dyvour, and your 'hores!

XXII.

" Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
" Drink's your night and day's desire;
" Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
" Fling your whisky i' the fire!"

XXIII.

Watty heard her tongue unhallowt,
Pay'd his groat wi' little din,
Left the house, while Maggy fallowt,
Flyting a' the road behin'.

XXIV.

Fowk frae every door cam' lampin',
Maggy curst them ane and a',
Clappet wi' her han's, and stampin',
Loft her bauchels i' the sna'.

XXV.

Hame, at length, she turn'd the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout,
Ragin' like a very devil,
Kickin' stools and chairs about.

XXVI.

" Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye!
" Hang you, Sir! I'll be your death!
" Little hauds my han's, confound you!
" But I cleave you to the teeth."

XXVII.

Watty, wha midst this oration
Ey'd her whiles, but durstna' speak,
Sat like patient Resignation
Trem'ling by the ingle cheek.

XXVIII.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet,
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighin' af'en to himsel'.

XXIX.

" Nane are free frae *some* vexation,
" Ilk ane has his ills to dree;

" But thro' a' the hale creation
" Is a mortal vext like me!"

XXX.

A' night lang he rowt and gauntet,
Sleep or reſt he cou'dna tak';
Maggy, aft wi' horror hauntet,
Mumlin', ſtartet at his back.

XXXI.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet,
Up raiſe Watty, waefu' chiel,
Kiſs'd his weanies while they ſleepet,
Wakent Meg, and ſought fareweel.

XXXII.

" Fareweel, Meg!—And, O! may Heav'n
" Keep you ay within his care:
" Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',
" Now he'll never faſh you mair.

XXXIII.

" Happy could I been beſide you,
" Happy baith at morn and e'en:
" A' the ills did e'er betide you,
" Watty ay turn'd out your frien'.

XXXIV.

" But ye ever like to ſee me
" Vext and ſighin' late and air.—
" Fareweel, Meg! I've ſworn to lea' thee,
" So thou'll never ſee me mair."

XXXV.

Meg, a' ſabbin', ſae to loſe him,
Sic a change had never wiſt,
Held his han' cloſe to her boſom,
While her heart was like to bruſt.

XXXVI.

" O, my Watty! will ye lea' me,
" Frien'leſs, helpleſs, to deſpair!
" O! for this ae time forgi'e me:
" Never will I vex you mair."

XXXVII.

" Aye! ye've aft said *that*, and broken
" A' your vows ten times a week.
" No, no, Meg! See!—there's a token
" Glitt'ring on my bonnet cheek.

XXXVIII.

" Owre the feas I march this morning,
" Liftet, teftet, fworn an' a',
" Fore'd by your confounded girning;
" Fareweel, Meg! for I'm awa'."

XXXIX.

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
Gufht afrefh, and louder grew,
While the weans, wi' mournfu' yaumer,
Round their fabbin' mother flew.

XL.

" Thro' the yirth I'll wauner wi' you—
" Stay, O Watty! ftay at hame.
" Here, upo' my knees, I'll gi'e you
" Ony vow ye like to name.

XLI.

" See your poor young lammies pleadin';
" Will ye gang an' break our heart!
" No a *bonje* to put our head in!
" No a *frien'* to take our part."

XLII.

Ilka word came like a bullet;
Watty's heart begoud to fhake;
On a kift he laid his wallet,
Dightet baith his een and fpake.

XLIII.

" If ance mair I cou'd by writing
" Lea' the fogers and ftay ftill,
" Wad you fwear to drap your flyting?"
" Yes, O Watty! yes, I will."

XLIV.

" Then," quo' Watty, " mind be honeft:
" Ay to keep your temper ftrive;

" Gin ye break this dreadfu' promiſe,
" Never mair expect to thrive.

XLV.

" Marget Howe! this hour ye ſolemn
" Swear by every thing that's gude.
" Ne'er again your ſpouſe to ſcawl' him,
" While life warms your heart and blood:

XLVI.

" That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's ſeek me,—
" Ne'er put *drucken* to my name—
" Never out at e'ening ſteek me—
" Never gloom whan I come hame:

XLVII.

" That ye'll ne'er, like Beſſy Miller,
" Kick my ſhins, or rug my hair—
" Laſtly, *I'm to keep the ſiller.*
" This upo' your ſaul ye ſwear?

XLVIII.

" O—h!" quo Meg,—" Aweel," quo' Watty,
" Fareweel!—faith I'll try the ſeas."
" O ſtan' ſtill," quo' Meg, and grat ay;
" Ony,—ony way ye pleaſe."

XLIX.

Maggy ſyne, becauſe he preſt her,
Swore to a' thing owre again:
Watty lap, and danc'd, and kiſs'd her;
Wow! but he was won'rous fain.

L.

Down he threw his ſtaff victorious;
A[illegible] bonnet, claes, and ſhoon;
[illegible] the blankets, glorious!
Held anither *Hinney-Moon.*

FINIS

2.13.
No. 2

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

AN

HISTORICAL

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Of all the Scottiſh Northern chiefs,
Of high and warlike name,
The braveſt was Sir James the Roſs,
A knight of meikle fame.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Braſh & Reid.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

AN HISTORICAL

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

1 Of all the Scottiſh Northern chiefs,
Of high and warlike name,
The braveſt was Sir James the Roſs,
A knight of meikle fame.

2 His growth was as the tufted firr,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And waving o'er his ſhoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

3 The chieftain of that brave clan, Roſs,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew the ſword,
Beneath his high command:

4 In bloody fight thrice has he ſtood,
Againſt the Engliſh keen,
Ere two and twenty opening ſprings
This blooming youth had ſeen.

5 The fair Matilda, dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rare;
Even Margaret on the Scottiſh throne,
Was never half ſo fair.

6 Lang had he woo'd, lang ſhe refus'd,
With ſeeming ſcorn and pride,
Yet aft her eyes confeſs'd the love
Her fearful words deny'd.

39 She wrung her hands and tore her hair;
Brave Roſs thou art betray'd,
And ruin'd by thoſe means, ſhe cried,
From whence I hop'd thine aid.

40 By this the valiant knight awak'd,
This virgin's cry he heard;
And up he roſe and drew his ſword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

41 Your ſword laſt night my brother ſlew,
His blood yet dims its ſhine;
And ere the riſing of the ſun,
Your blood ſhall reek on mine.

42 You word it well, the chief return'd,
But deeds approve the man;
Set by your men, and hand to hand,
We'll try what valour can:

43 Oft boaſting hides a coward's heart,
My weighty ſword you fear,
Which ſhone in front, in *Floddon-field*,
When you kept in the rear.

44 With dauntleſs ſtep he forward ſtrode,
And dar'd him to the fight;
Then Græme gave back and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew his might.

45 Four of his men, the braveſt four,
Sunk down beneath his ſword;
But ſtill he ſcorn'd the poor revenge,
And fought their haughty Lord.

46 Behind him baſely came the Græme,
And wounded him in the ſide;
Out ſpouting came the purple gore,
And all his tartans dy'd.

47 But yet his ſword quitted not the gripe,
Nor dropt he to the ground;
Till through his enemy's heart his ſteel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

48 Græme like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathleſs on the clay;
And down beſide him ſunk the Roſs,
And fainting, dying lay.

49 The ſad Matilda ſaw him fall;
O ſpare his life, ſhe cry'd,
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
Let her not be deny'd.

50 Her well-known voice the hero heard,
He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes,
And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

51 In vain Matilda begs the life,
By Death's arreſt deny'd;
My race is run.——Adieu, my love.
Then clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

52 The ſword, yet warm from his left ſide,
With frantic hand ſhe drew;
I come, Sir James the Roſs, ſhe cry'd,
I come to follow you.

53 She lean'd the hilt againſt the ground,
And bar'd her ſnowy breaſt,
Then fell upon her lover's ſword,
And ſunk to endleſs reſt.

54 Then by this fatal tragedy,
Let parent's warning take;
And ne'er entice their children dear,
Their ſecret vows to break.

FINIS.

7.9.3

THE MONK *and* MILLER'S WIFE;

OR,

A' PARTIES PLEAS'D:

AN UNCO TALE.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

A NEW EDITION CORRECTED.

Tell them wha cry "this Tale is auld,"
A better never yet was tauld.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

Now lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
Wha ken the benefit of wine;
And you wha laughing, fcud brown ale,
Leave jinks a wee and hear a tale.

An honeft Miller dwall'd in Fife,
That had a young and wanton Wife,
Wha fometimes thol'd the pariſh Prieſt
To mak her man a twa-horn'd beaſt:

He paid right mony vifits till her,
And to keep in with Hab the Miller,
He endeavour'd aft to make him happy,
Where'er he kend the ale was nappy.
Such condefcenfion in a paftor,
Knit Halbert's love to him the faſter;
And by his converſe, troth 'tis true,
Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.
Thus all the three were wond'rous pleas'd,
The wife well ferv'd, the man well eas'd,
Hab ground his corn, the Prieſt did cherifh
Himſelf with dining round the pariſh.
Befs, the goodwife, thought it nae ſkaith,
Since ſhe was fit, to ſerve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,
And Ceres gives the ſchools the play,
A youth ſprung from a gentle *pater*
Bred at St. Andrew's *alma mater*,
As day gaun hameward, it fell late,
And him benighted by the gate:
To lie without, pit nouk did ſhere him,
He couldna ſee his thumb before him;
Birk, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,
Which led him by the lugs theretill.
To take the thread of tale alang,
This mill to Halbert did belang,
Now keſe this note your notice claims,
The ſcholar's name was Maſter James.

Now, ſmiling muſe, the prelude paſt,
Sweetly relate, a tale ſhall laſt
As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,
As lang as wind or water mills.

In enter'd James, Hab ſaw and kend him,
And offer'd kindly to befriend him
With ſic good cheer as he cou'd make,
Baith for his ain and father's ſake.
The ſcholar thought himſelf right ſped,
And gave him thanks in terms well bred.

Quoth Hab, " I canna leave my mill
" As yet;—but ftap ye waft the kill
" A bow-fhot, and ye'll find my hame:
" Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,
" 'Till I fet aff the mill, fyne we
" Shall tak what Beffy has to gi'e."
James, in return, what's handfome faid,
O'er lang to tell; and aff he gade.
Out of the houfe fome light did fhine,
Which led him till't as with a line:
Arriv'd, he knock'd,—for doors were fteekit;—
Straight through a window Beffy keekit,
And cries, ' Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright
' At fic untimous time of night?'
James, with good humour, moft difcreetly,
Told her his circumftance completely.
' I dinna ken ye,' quoth the Wife,
' And up and down the thieves are rife;
' Within my lane, I am but a woman,
' Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man;—
' But fince 'tis very like, my dow,
' That all ye're telling may be true,
' Hae, there's a key, gang in your way
' At the neift door,—there's braw ait ftrae;—
' Streek down upon't my lad, and learn
' They're no ill lodg'd wha get a barn.'
Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,
James fand he cou'dna mend the matter;
And fince it might na better be,
With refignation took the key,
Unlock'd the barn—clamb up the mou,
Where was an opening near the hou,
Throw which he faw a glint of light
That gave diverfion to his fight:
By this he quickly cou'd difcern
A thin wa' feparate houfe and barn,
And through this rive was in the wa',
All done within the houfe he faw:

He saw (what ought not to be seen,
And scarce gied credit to his een)
The parish priest of reverend fame
In active courtship with the dame—
To lengthen out description here,
Wou'd but offend the modest ear,
And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,
Which we by satire strive to tame.
Suppose the wicked action o'er,
And James continuing still to glowr:
He saw the wife as fast as able,
Spread a clean servite on the table,
And syne, frae the ha' ingle bring ben
A piping-het young roasted hen,
And twa good bottles stout and clear,
Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But wicked luck, just as the priest
Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,
Th' unwelcome Miller gied a roar,
Cry'd, "Betty, haste ye open the door!"—
With that the haly letcher fled,
And darn'd himsell behint a bed;
While Betty huddl'd a' things by,
That nought the cuckold might espy;
Syne loot him in,—but out of tune
Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon;
"I come," said he, "as manners claims,
"To wait and crack wi' Master James,
"Which I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae busy;
"I sent him here, goodwife, where is he?"
'Ye sent him here!' (quoth Betty grumbling)
'Keud I this James!—A chiel came rumbling,
'But how was I affur'd, when dark,
'That he had been nae thievish spark,
'Or some rude wencher, gotten a dose,
'That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose?'
"But what came of him? speak nae langer,"
Cries Halbert, in a Highland anger.

'I sent him to the barn,' quoth she:
"Gae quickly bring him in," quoth he.
James was brought in—the Wife was bawked—
The Priest stood close—the Miller cracked—
Syne speer'd his sulky gloomy spouse,
What supper she had in the house,
That might be suitable to gi'e
Ane of their lodger's quality?
Quoth she, 'Ye may well ken, good-man,
'Your feast comes frae the parritch-pan:
'The stov'd or roasted we afford,
'Are aft great strangers on our board.'
"Parritch," quoth Hab, "ye senseless tawpie!
"Think ye this Youth's a gilly-gawpy;
"Or that his gentle stamock's master
"To worry up a pint of plaister,
"Like our mill knaves that lift the laiding,
"Whase kytes can rax out like raw plaiding,
"Swith, roast a hen, or fry some chickens,
"And send for ale frae Maggy Picken's."
'Aye, aye,' quoth she, 'ye may well ken,
'Tis ill brought but that's no there ben;
'Whan but last owk, nae farder gane,
'The laird got a' to pay his kain.'
Then James, wha had as good a guess
Of what was in the house as Bess,
With pawky smile this plea to end,
To please himsell, and ease his friend,
First open'd with a slee oration
His wond'rous skill in conjuration.
Said he,—'By this fell art I'm able
'To whop aff any great man's table
'Whate'er I like to make a mail o'
'Either in part, or yet the hail o';
'And, if ye please, I'll shaw my art.'—
Cries Halbert—"Faith, with a' my heart!"—
Bess fain'd herself,—cry'd 'Lord, be here!'
And near hand fell a swoon wi' fear.

James leugh,—and bade her naithing dread,
Syne to conjuring went with speed:
And first he drew a circle round,
Then utter'd mony a magic sound
Of words, part Latin, Greek, and Dutch,
Enough to fright a very witch:
That done, James says, 'Now, now, 'tis come,
'And in the boal beside the lum:
'Now set the board: goodwife, gae hen,
'Bring frae you boal a roasted hen.'
She wadna gang, but Habby ventur'd;
And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,
It smell'd sae well, short time he sought it,
But, wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it.
He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it,
Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.
Thus ilka sense he did conveen,
Lest glamour had beguil'd his een:
They all, in an united body,
Declar'd it a fine fat how towdy.
"Nae mair about it," quoth the Miller,
"The hen looks well, and we'll fa' till her."
'Sae be't,' says James; and in a doup,
They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.
"Neist," O! cries Halbert, "cou'd your skill
"But help us to a waught of ale,
"I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,
"And offer to the deil my wife,
"To see if he'll discreeter mak her,
"But, O I'm fleed he winna tak her!"
Said James, 'Ye offer very fair;
'The bargain's hadden, say nae mair.'
Then thrice James shook a willow-wand,
With kittle words thrice gave command;
That done, with looks baith learn'd and grave,
Said, 'Now ye'll get what ye wou'd have;
'Twa bottles of as nappy liquor
'As ever ream'd in horn or bicquor;

'Ahint the ark that hads your meal,
'Ye'll find twa ſtanding corket weel.'
James ſaid, ſyne faſt the Miller flew,
And frae their neſt the bottles drew;
Then firſt the ſcholar's health he toaſted,
Wha's magic gart him feed on roaſted;
His father's neiſt,—ſyne a' the reſt
Of his good friends that wiſh'd him beſt,
Gretly o'er langſome at this time,
In a ſhort tale to put in rhyme.

Thus, while the Miller and the Youth,
Were blythly flock'ning of their drowth,
Beſs fretting, ſcarcely held frae greeting,
The Prieſt, enclos'd, flood vex'd and ſweating.

"O wow!" ſaid Hab, "if ane might ſpeer,
"Dear Maſter James, wha brought our cheer?
"Sic laits appear to us ſae awfu',
"We hardly think your learning lawfu'."

'To bring your doubts to a concluſion,'
Says James, 'ken I'm a Roſicrucian,
'Ane of the ſet that never carries
'On traffic with black deils or fairies;
'There's mony a ſp'rit that's no a deil,
'That conſtantly around us wheel.
'There was a ſage call'd Albumazor,
'Wha's wit was gleg as ony razor:
'Frae this great man we learn'd the ſkill
'To bring theſe gentry to our will;
'And they appear, when we've a mind,
'In ony ſhape of human kind:
'Now, if you'll drap your fooliſh fear,
'I'll gar my *Pocold* appear.'

Hab fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,
Baith fear'd and fond a ſp'rit to view:
At laſt his courage wan the day,
He to the ſcholar's will gave way.

Beſſy by this began to ſmell
A rat, but kept her mind to'r ſell:

She pray'd like howdy in her drink,
But meantime tipt young James a wink.
James frae his eye an anſwer ſent,
Which made the wife right well content:
Then turn'd to Hab, and thus advis'd:
'Whate'er you ſee, be nought ſurpriz'd,
'And for your ſaul, move not your tongue,
'But ready ſtand with a great rung;
'Syne as the ſp'rit gangs marching out,
'Be ſure to lend him a ſound rout:
'I bidna this by way of mocking,
'For nought delights him mair than knocking.'
Hab got a kent—ſtood by the hallan,
And ſtraight the wild miſchievous Callan
Cries, '*Radamanthus Huſky Mingo,*
'*Monk Horner, Hipock, Jinko, Jingo,*
'*Appear in likeneſs of a Prieſt,*
No like a deil in ſhape of beaſt,
'*With gaping chafts to fleg us a':*
'*Wank forth the door ſtands to the wa'.*'
Then frae the hole where he was pent,
The Prieſt approach'd, right well content;
With ſilent pace ſtrade o'er the floor,
'Till he was drawing near the door;
Then to eſcape the cudgel ran,
But was not miſs'd by the goodman,
Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,
That gart him o'er the threſhold founder.
Darkneſs ſoon hid him frae their ſight:
Ben flew the Miſſis in a fright;
"*I trow,*" quoth he, "*I laid well on;*
"*But wow he's like our ain Miſs John!*"

RAB AND RINGAN:

A TALE.

AS DELIVERED IN THE PANTHEON
EDINBURGH.

(Recited in the Character of a Poor Pedlar)

BY THE
AUTHOR OF WATTY AND MEG.

To which is added,
THE TWA CATS AND THE CHEESE:

A TALE.

DEMONSTRATING
THE GREAT FOLLY OF GOING TO LAW.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

[*The following Tale was recited by the Author, at the Pantheon, in a Debate on the Question,* "Whether is *Diffidence*, or *the Allurements of Pleasure*, the *greatest* BAR to Progress in Knowledge."

RAB AND RINGAN:

A TALE.

INTRODUCTION.

HECH! but its awfu' like to rise up here,
What fic a sight o' learnt fouks' pows appear!
Sae many piercing een a' fixt on ane,
Is maist enough to freeze me to a stane!
But its a mercy, many thanks to fate,
Pedlars are *poor*, but unco seldom *blate*.

(Speaking to the President.)

This question, [illegible] weel disputet,
And [illegible] about it:
[illegible] speak,
And [illegible] Greek,
[illegible] their sharp opinion,
And peel'd it up as ane wad peel an ingon.

[*The question [illegible] before this Tale was recited, which was the best opinion given on the debate.*]

I winna plague ye lang wi' my poor ſpale,
But only crave your patience to *a Tale:*
By which ye'll ken on whatna ſide I'm ſtinnin',
As I perceive your *bumoſt minute's* rinnin'.

THE TALE.

There liv'd in Fife, an auld, ſtout, warldly chiel,
Wha's ſtomach kend nae fare but *mi'k* and *meal;*
A wife he had, I think they ca'd her BELL,
And twa big ſons, amaiſt as heigh's himſel'.
RAB, *was a gleg, ſmart cock, wi' poutlert faſe,*
RINGAN, *a ſtow, ſteart, baſhfu' ſimple boye.*

Baith to the College gaed. At firſt, ſpruce RAB,
At Greek and Latin, grew a very *blade:*
He beat a' roun' about him, fair and clean,
And ilk ane courted him to be their frien';
Frae houſe to houſe they haul'd him to dinner,
But curſt poor RINGAN for a *hum-drum* ſinner.

RAB tauked now in ſic a loſty ſtrain,
As tho' braid Scotland had been a' his ain,
He ca'd the *Kirk* the *Church*, the *Virk* the *Globe*,
And chang'd his name forſeath, frae *Rab* to BOB.
Whare'er ye met him, flourifhing his rung,
The hale diſcourſe was murder'd wi' his tongue.
On friends and faes wi' impudence he ſet,
And ramm'd his noſe in ev'ry thing he met.

The College now, to RAB grew douſ and dull,
He ſcorn'd wi' books to ſtupify his ſkull;
But whirl'd to *Plays* and *Balls*, and ſic like places,
And roar'd awa at *Fairs* and *Kintra Races*:

Sent hame for siller frae his mither BELL,
And cast a horse, and rade a race himsel';
Drank night and day, and syne when mortal su',
Row'd on the floor, and snor'd like ony sow;
Lost a' his siller wi' some gambling sparks,
And pawn'd for punch, his Bible and his sarks;
Till, driven at last to own he had enough,
Gaed hame a' rags, to haud his Father's plough.

Poor *Lum-drum* RINGAN, play'd anither part,
For RINGAN wanted neither wit nor art:
Of mony a far-aff place he kend the gate;
Was deep, deep learn'd, but unco, unco *blate*.
He kend how mony mile 'twas to the moon,
How mony *rake* wad lave the ocean toom;
Whare a' the swallows gaed in time o' snaw;
What gars the thunder roar, and tempest blaw;
Whare lumps o' siller grow aneath the grun;
How a' this yirth rows round about the sun;
In short, on *books* sae meikle time he spent,
Ye cou'dna' speak o' ought, but RINGAN kent.

Sae meikle *learning*, with sae little *pride*,
Soon gain'd the love o' a' the kintra side,
And *Death*, at that time, happ'ning to nip aff
The *Parish Minister*—*a place that's guid*,
RINGAN was sought—he cou'dna fey them nay,
And there he's preaching at this very day.

MORAL.

Now, Mr. PRESIDENT, I think it's plain,
That *youthful diligence is certain gain.*
Instead of blocking up the road to knowledge,
It guides alike, in *Commerce* or at *College*;

Struggles, the burſts of paſſion to controul,
Feeds all the finer feelings of the ſoul;
Defies the deep-laid ſtratagems of guile,
And gives *even innocence a ſweeter ſmile*;
Ennobles all the little worth we have,
And ſhields our virtue even to the grave.

How vaſt the diff'rence then, between the twain!
Since *Pleaſure* ever is purſu'd by *Pain*.
Pleaſure's a *Syren*, with inviting arms,
Sweet is her voice, and pow'rful are her charms;
Lur'd by her call, we tread her flow'ry ground,
Joy wings our ſteps, and *Muſic* warbles round;
Lull'd in her arms, we loſe the flying hours,
And lie emboſom'd midſt her blooming bow'rs,
Till—arm'd with *death*, ſhe *watches* our *undoing*,
Stabs while ſhe *ſings*, and *triumphs* in our ruin.

END OF RAB AND RINGAN.

THE

TWA CATS *and the* CHEESE:

A TALE.

" *Law is a draw-well unco deep,*
" *Without a rim, fouk out to keep,*
" *Whan drunk—a donnart chiel may dreep*
" *Fu fleely in,*
" *But finds the gate baith ſtay and ſteep,*
" *Ere out he win.*"

FERGUSON.

TWA Cats anes on a cheeſe did light,
To which baith had an equal right;
But diſputes, ſuch as aft ariſe,
Fell out, in ſharing of the prize.

Fair play, ſaid ane, ye bite o'er thick,
Thae teeth of your's gang wond'rous quick;
Let's part it, elſe, lang or the moon
Be chang'd—the kebuck will be done;

But wha's to do't?—They're parties baith,
And ane may do the ither ſkaith.

With joint conſent, awa they trudge,
And laid the cheeſe before a Judge:
A Monkey, wi' a *campſhoch* face,
Clerk to a Juſtice o' the Peace;
Whar he his maſter's chair had fill'd,
A Judge he ſeem'd, in juſtice ſkill'd;
And umpire choſen for diviſion,
Baith ſware to ſtand by his deciſion.

Demure he looks—the cheeſe he pales—
Prees—ſin's it gude—ca's for the ſcales;
His knife whops throw't—in twa it fell;
Syne puts each ha'f in either ſhell:
Solemnly ſays—"We'll weigh the caſe,
"And ſkricteſt juſtice ſhall have place."

Then, lifting up the ſcales, he fand
The tane hang up the tither ſtand:
Syne out he took the heavieſt ha'f,
And ate a knoeſt o't quickly aff,
And try'd it fyne,—it now prov'd light,
"*Friend Cats*," ſaid he, "*we'll do you right.*"

Then to the ither ha'f he fell,
And laid till't teughly tooth and nail,
Till, weigh'd again, it lighteſt prov'd.
The Judge, wha this ſweet proceſs lov'd,
Still weigh'd the caſe, and ſtill ate on,
Till clients baith, were weary grown:
And tenting how the matter went,
Cried, "*Come, come, Sir, we're baith content*"

" Ye fools," quoth he, " but juſtice too
" *Maun be content*, as well as you."

Thus grumbled they, thus he went on,
Till *baith the halves* were near han' done.
Poor Pouſies now the daffin' ſaw,
Of gawn for *nignyes* to the law;
And begg'd the Judge, that he wad pleaſe
To give them the remaining cheeſe:
To this his Worſhip grave reply'd,
" *The dues of Court maun firſt be paid*,
" And juſtice pleas'd :—What's to the fore
" Will ſcrimply do to clear your ſcore.
" That's our decreet—Gae hame and ſleep,
" *And thank us ye've win off ſae cheap*."

MORAL.

" Then, tho' at odds wi' a' the warl',
" Amang ourſels we'll never quarrel,
" Tho' diſcord gie a cankar'd ſnarl
" To ſpoil our glee,
" As lang's there's *pith* into the barrel,
" We'll *drink* and gree."

FINIS.

E.
no. 5

THE

LOSS O' THE PACK.

A TRUE TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WATTY AND MEG,
RAB AND RINGAN, &c.

II.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

AN ORIGINAL

SCOTS SONG.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

[*The following Tale was delivered at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, in a Debate on the Question*, "Whether is *Disappointment* in *Love*, or the *Loss* of *Fortune* hardest to bear?"]

THE LOSS O' THE PACK.

A TRUE TALE.

(Recited in the Character of a Poor Pedlar)

BOUTGATES I hate, quo' girning Maggy Pringle,
Syne harl'd Watty, greeting, thro' the ingle.
Since this fell question seems sae lang to hing on,
In twa-three words I'll gie ye my opinion.

I wha stand here, in this bare scoury coat,
Was ance *a Packman*, wordy mony a groat:
I've carried packs as big's your meikle table;
I've scarted pats, and sleepet in a stable:
Sax pounds I wadna for my pack ance ta'en,
And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain.

Aye! thae war days indeed, that gart me hope,
Aeblins, thro' time, to warſle up a ſhop:
And as a wife ay in my noddle ran,
I kend my *Kate* wad grapple at me than.
O Kate was paſt compare! ſic cheeks! ſic een!
Sic ſmiling looks! were never, never ſeen.
Dear, dear I lo'ed her, and whane'er we met,
Pleaded to have the bridal-day but ſet:
Stapped her pouches ſu' o' preens and laces,
And thought myſel' weel paid wi' twa-three kiſſes,
Yet ſtill ſhe put it aff frae day to day,
And aften kindly in my lug wad ſay,
" Ae half-year langer's no nae unco ſtop,
" We'll marry than, and ſyne ſet up a ſhop."

O Sir, but laſſes words are ſaft and fair!
They ſooth our griefs, and baniſh ilka care:
Wha wadna toil to pleaſe the laſs he lo'es?
A lover true, minds *this* in a' he does.
Finding her mind was thus ſae firmly bent,
And that I cou'dna get her to relent,
There was nought left, but quietly to reſign,
To beeze my pack for ae lang hard campaign;
And, as the Highlands was the place for meat,
I ventur'd there in ſpite of wind and weet.

Cauld now the Winter blew, and deep the ſna'
For three hale days, inceſſantly did fa'.
Far in a muir, amang the whirling driſt,
Whar nought was ſeen but mountains and the liſt,
I loſt my road, and wander'd mony a mile,
Maiſt dead wi' *hunger*, *cauld*, and *fright*, and *toil*.

..s wand'ring, east or west, I kend na' where,
My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair,
Wi' a fell ringe, I plung'd at ance, forsooth,
Down thro' a wreath o' snaw, up to my mouth.
Clean o'er my head my precious wallet flew,
But whar it gaed, Lord kens, I never knew!

What great misfortunes are pour'd down on some,
I thought my fearfu' hinderen' was come!
Wi' grief and sorrow was my saul o'ercast,
Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last;
For ay the mair I warsl'd roun' and roun'
I fand mysel' ay stuck the deeper down;
Till ance, at length, wi' ae prodigious pull
I drew my poor cauld carcase frae the hole.

Lang, lang, I fought and graped for my pack,
Till night, and hunger forc'd me to come back.
For three lang hours I wander'd up and down,
Till chance, at last, convey'd me to a town:
There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate
A sad account of a' my luckless fate;
But bade her ay be kind, and no despair,
Since life was left, I soon wad gather mair;
Wi' whilk I hop'd, within a towm nd's date
To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.

Fool that I was, how little did I think
That love wad soon be lost for sa't o' *clink*.
The loss of fair won wealth, tho' hard to bear,
Afore this—ne'er had pow'r to force a tear.
I trusted time wad bring things round again,
And Kate, dear Kate! wad then be a' mine ain;

Confol'd my mind in hopes o' better luck,
But, O! *what fad reverſe! how thunderſtruck!*
Whan ae black day brought word frae Rab my brither,
That *Kate was cried, and married on anither!*

Tho' a' my friends, and ilka comrade ſweet,
At ance, had drapped cauld dead at my feet;
Or, tho' I'd heard the laſt day's dreadfu' ca',
Nae deeper horror o'er my heart cou'd fa':
I curs'd myſel', I curs'd my luckleſs fate,
And grat—and ſabbing cried—O Kate! O Kate!

Frae that day forth—I never mair did weel,
But drank, and ran headformoſt to the deel.
My ſiller vaniſh'd; far frae hame I pin'd;
But Kate, for ever ran acroſs my mind.
In *her* were a' *my hopes,—theſe hopes were vain,*
And now—I'll never ſee her like again.

'Twas this, Sir, Preſident, that gart me ſtart,
Wi' meikle grief and ſorrow at my heart,
To gie my vote, frae *ſad experience*, here,
That *diſappointed love is war to bear*
Ten thouſand times, than loſs of warld's gear.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY,

AN ORIGINAL

SCOTS SONG.

I.

" COME under my plaidy, the night's gaun to fa';
" Come in frae the cauld blaſt, the drift, and the
ſnaw;
" Come under my plaidy, and lie down beſide me;
" There's room in't dear laſſie! believe me, for twa.

II.

" Come under my plaidy, and lie down beſide me,
" I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blaſt that will blaw:
" O come under my plaidy, and lie down beſide me,
" There's room in't, dear laſſie! believe me, for twa.

III.

" Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy' auld Donald, gae 'wa!
" I fear na' the cauld blaſt, the drift, nor the ſna':
" Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lie beſide ye;
" Ye might be my gutchard; auld Donald, gae 'wa!

IV.

' I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny;
' He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw!
' O there's nane dance fae lightly, fae graceſu', fae tightly,
' His cheeks are like roſes, his brow's like the ſnaw.

V.

" Dear MARION let that flee ſtick faſt to the wa;
" Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
" The hale o' his pack, he has now on his back;
" He's *thretty*, and I'm but *threeſcore and twa!*

VI.

" Be frank now and kindly: I'll buſk you ay finely;
" At kirk or at market they'll nane gang fae bra';
" A bein houſe to bide in, a chaiſe for to ride in,
" And flunkies to tend ye as faſt as ye ca'."

VII.

' My father's ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
' Ye'd mak' a gude huſband, and keep me ay bra';
' It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny
' But waes me! I ken he has *naething ava!*

VIII.

' I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
' I'm now mair than *twenty*; my time is but ſma';
' Sae gi'e me your plaidy; I'll creep in beſide ye,
' I thought ye'd been aulder than *threeſcore and twa!*'

IX.

She crap in ayont him, beſide the ſtane wa',
Whar Johnny was liſt'ning, and heard her tell a',
The *day* was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
And ſtrack 'gainſt his ſide as it burſting in twa.

X.

He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!
And thowleſs, he tint his gate deep 'mang the ſna';
The howlet was ſcreaming, while Johnny cried,
"*Women*
Wad marry the devil wad he keep them bra'."

XI.

O the deel's in the laſſes! ſae fond to gang bra',
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' FOUR SCORE and TWA;
The hale o' this marriage, is gowd and a *carriage;*
Plain LOVE is the cauldeſt blaſt now that can bla'!

XII.

Yet dotards be wary, tak' tent wha ye marry;
Young wives in their coaches will whip and will ca';
'Till they'll meet wi ſome Johnny, that's youthfu' and bonny,
And he'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haſſit to claw!

FINIS.

LENORA.

A CELEBRATED BALLAD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE
GERMAN OF BÜRGER.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

1 At break of day, with frightful dreams
Lenora struggled fore:
My William, art thou slain, said she,
Or dost thou love no more?

2 He went abroad with Richard's host,
The Paynim foes to quell;
But he no word to her had wrote,
If he were sick or well.

3 With sound of trump, and beat of drum,
His fellow-soldiers come;
Their helms bedeck'd with oaken boughs,
They seek their long'd-for home.

4 And ev'ry road and ev'ry lane
Was full of old and young,
To gaze at the rejoicing band,
To hail with gladsome tongue.

5 "Thank God!" their wives and children said,
"Welcome!" the brides did say:
But greet or kiss Lenora gave
To none upon that day.

6 She ask'd of all the passing train,
For him she wish'd to see:
But none of all the passing train
Could tell if lived he.

7 And when the soldiers all were by,
She tore her raven hair.
And cast herself upon the ground
In furious despair.

8 Her mother ran and lift her up,
And clasped in her arm,
"My child, my child, what dost thou ail?
God shield thy life from harm!"

9 "O mother, mother! William's gone!
What's all beside to me?
There is no mercy, sure, above!
All, all were spar'd but he!"

10 "Kneel down, thy Paternoster say,
"'Twill calm thy troubled sp'rit:
The Lord is wise, the Lord is good;
What he hath done is right."

11 "O mother, mother! say not so;
Most cruel is my fate:
I pray'd, and pray'd; but what avail'd?
'Tis now, alas! too late."

12 "Our Heavenly Father, if we pray,
Will help a suff'ring child:
Go take the holy sacrament;
So shall thy grief grow mild."

13 "O mother, what I feel within,
No sacrament can stay;
No sacrament can teach the dead
To bear the sight of day."

14 "May be, among the heathen folk
Thy William false doth prove,
And puts away his faith and troth,
And takes another love."

15 Then wherefore sorrow for his loss?
Thy moans are all in vain:
And when his soul and body part,
His falsehood brings him pain."

16 "O mother, mother! gone is gone:
My hope is all forlorn;
The grave my only safeguard is—
O, had I ne'er been born!

17 Go out, go out, my lamp of life;
In grisly darkness die:
There is no mercy, sure, above!
For ever let me die."

18 "Almighty God! O do not judge
My poor unhappy child;
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguish makes her wild.

19 My girl, forget thine earthly wo,
And think on God and bliss;
For so, at least, shall not thy soul
Its heavenly bridegroom miss."

20 "O mother, mother! what is bliss,
And what the fiendis cell?
With him 'tis heaven any where,
Without my William, hell.

21 Go out, go out, my lamp of life;
In endless darkness die:
Without him I must loath the earth,
Without him scorn the sky."

22 And so despair did rave and rage
Athwart her boiling veins;
Against the Providence of Heav'n
She hurl'd her impious strains.

23 She beat her breast, and wrung her hands,
And roll'd her tearless eye,
From rise of morn, till the pale stars
Again did freek the sky.

24 When hark! abroad she heard the tramp
Of nimble-hoofed steed;
She heard a knight with clank alight,
And climb the stair in speed.

25 And soon she heard a tinkling hand,
That twirled at the pin;
And thro' her door, that open'd not,
These words were breathed in.

26 "What ho! what ho! thy door undo;
Art watching or asleep?
My love, dost yet remember me,
And dost thou laugh or weep?"

27 "Ah! William, here so late at night!
Oh! I have watch'd and wak'd:
Whence dost thou come? For thy return
My heart hath sorely ach'd."

28 "At midnight only we may ride;
I come o'er land and sea:
I mounted late, but soon I go;
Arise, and come with me."

29 "O! William, enter first my bow'r,
And give me one embrace:
The blasts athwart the hawthorn hiss;
Await a little space."

30 "The blasts athwart the hawthorn hiss,
I may not harbour here;
My spur is sharp, my courser paws,
My hour of flight is near.

31 All as thou lieft upon thy couch,
Arise, and mount behind;
To-night we'll ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to find."

32 "How! ride to-night a thousand miles!
Thy love thou dost bemock:
Eleven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clock."

33 "Look up; the moon is bright, and we
Outſtride the earthly men:
I'll take thee to the bridal bed,
And night ſhall end but then."

34 "And where is then thy houſe and home;
And where thy bridal bed?"
"'Tis narrow, ſilent, chilly, dark;
Far hence I reſt my head."

35 "And is there any room for me,
Wherein that I may creep?"
"There's room enough for thee and me,
Wherein that we may ſleep.

36 All as thou lieſt upon thy couch,
Ariſe, no longer ſtop;
The wedding gueſts thy coming wait,
The chamber door is ope."

37 All in her ſark, as there ſhe lay,
Upon his horſe ſhe ſprung;
And with her lily hands ſo pale
About her William clung.

38 And hurry-ſkurry forth they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horſe and rider ſnort and blow,
And ſparkling pebbles fly.

39 How ſwift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they paſs,
But earthly ſound is none.

40 Tramp, tramp, acroſs the land they ſpeed;
Splaſh, ſplaſh, acroſs the ſea:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Doſt fear to ride with me?

41 The moon is bright, and blue the night;
Doſt quake the blaſt to ſtem?
Doſt ſhudder, maid, to ſeek the dead?"
"No, no, but what of them?

42 How glumly founds yon dirgy fong!
Night-ravens flap the wing.
What knell doth flowly toll ding-dong?
The pfalms of death who fing?

43 It creeps, the fwarthy funeral train,
The corfe is on the bier;
Like croak of toads from lonely muirs,
The chaunt doth meet the ear."

44 " Go bear her corfe when midnight's paft,
With fong, and tear, and wail;
I've got my wife, I take her home,
My hour of wedlock hail.

45 Lead forth, O clerk, the chaunting quire,
To fwell our nuptial fong:
Come, prieft, and read the bleffing foon;
For bed, for bed, we long."

46 They heed his call, and hufh'd the found;
The bier was feen no more;
And follow'd him o'er field and flood
Yet faster than before.

47 Halloo! halloo! away they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horfe and rider fnort and blow,
And fparkling pebbles fly.

48 How fwift the hill, how fwift the dale,
Aright, aleft are gone!
By hedge and tree, by thorp and town,
They gallop, gallop on.

49 Tramp, tramp, acrofs the land they fpeed;
Splafh, fplafh, acrofs the fea:
" Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Doft fear to ride with me?

50 Look up, look up, an airy crew
In roundel dances reel:
The moon is bright, and blue the night,
May'ft dimly fee them wheel.

51 Come to, come to, ye ghoſtly crew,
Come to, and follow me,
And dance for us the wedding dance,
When we in bed ſhall be."

52 And bruſh, bruſh, bruſh, the ghoſtly crew
Come wheeling o'er their heads,
All ruſtling like the wither'd leaves
That wide the whirlwind ſpreads.

53 Halloo! halloo! away they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horſe and rider ſnort and blow,
And ſparkling pebbles fly.

54 And all that in the moon-ſhine lay,
Behind them fled afar;
And backward ſcudded over head,
The ſky and every ſtar.

55 Tramp, tramp, acroſs the land they ſpeed,
Splaſh, ſplaſh, acroſs the ſea:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Doſt fear to ride with me?

56 I ween the cock prepares to crow;
The ſand will ſoon be run:
I ſnuff the early morning air;
Down, down! our work is done.

57 The dead, the dead can ride apace;
Our wed-bed here is fit:
Our race is rode, our journey o'er,
Our endleſs union knit."

58 And lo! an iron-graced gate
Soon beacons to their view:
He crack'd his whip; the clanging bolts,
The doors aſunder flew.

59 They paſs, and 'twas on graves they trod:
"'Tis hither we are bound:"
And many a tomb-ſtone ghoſtly white
Lay in the moonſhine round.

60 And when he from his ſteed alight,
His armour, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all away,
As were it made of tinder.

61 His head became a naked ſkull;
No hair nor een had he:
His body grew a ſkeleton,
Ere while ſo blyth to ſee.

62 And at his dry and bonny heel
No ſpur was left to be;
And in his wither'd hand you might
The ſcythe and hour-glaſs ſee.

63 And lo! his ſteed did thin to ſmoke,
And charnal-fires outbreath;
And pal'd, and bleach'd, then vaniſh'd quite
The maid from underneath.

64 And hollow howlings hung in air,
And ſhrieks from vaults aroſe.
Then knew the maid ſhe might no more
Her living eyes uncloſe.

65 But onward to the judgment-ſeat,
Thro' mirk and moon light drear,
The ghoſtly crew their flight purſue,
And hollow in her ear:—

66 "*Be patient, tho' thine heart ſhould break,*
Arraign not Heav'n's decree;
Thou now art of thy body reft,
Thy ſoul forgiven be!"

FINIS.

9.
no. 7

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE;

OR, THE PARSON's DAUGHTER BETRAYED.

A
CELEBRATED BALLAD,
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
OF BÜRGER.

" *Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,*
" *A wretch! a villain! loſt to love and truth!*
" *That can, with ſtudied, ſly, enſnaring art,*
" *Betray ſweet* JENNY's *unſuſpecting youth?*
" *Curſe on his perjur'd arts! diſſembling ſmooth!*
" *Are honour, virtue, conſcience, all exil'd?*
" *Is there no pity, no relenting ruth*
" *Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?*
" *Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their diſtraction wild!*"

BURNS.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Braſh & Reid.

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

I.

Beside the parſon's bower of yew
Why ſtrays a troubled ſpright,
That peaks and pines, and dimly ſhines
Thro' curtains of the night?

II.

Why ſteals along the pond of toads
A gliding fire ſo blue,
That lights a ſpot where grows no graſs,
Where falls no rain nor dew?

III.

The parſon's daughter once was good,
And gentle as a dove,
And young and fair,—and many came
To win the damſel's love.

IV.

High o'er the hamlet, from the hill,
Beyond the winding ſtream,
The windows of a ſtately houſe
In ſheen of evening gleam.

V.

There dwelt, in riot, rout, and roar,
A lord ſo frank and free;
That oft, with inward joy of heart,
The maid beheld his glee.

VI.

Whether he met the dawning day,
In hunting trim ſo fine,
Or tapers, ſparkling from his hall,
Beſhone the midnight wine.

VII.

He ſent the maid his picture, girt
With diamond, pearl, and gold;
And ſilken paper, ſweet with muſk,
This gentle meſſage told:

VIII.

" Let go thy ſweethearts, one and all;
" Shalt thou be baſely woo'd,
" That worthy art to gain the heart
" Of youths of noble blood?

IX.

" The tale I would to thee bewray,
" In ſecret muſt be ſaid:
" At midnight hour I'll ſeek thy bower,
" Fair laſs, be not afraid.

X.

" And when the amorous nightingale
" Sings ſweetly to his mate,
" I'll pipe my quail-call from the field:
" Be kind, nor make me wait."

XI.

In cap and mantle clad he came,
At night, with lonely tread;
Unſeen, and ſilent as a miſt,
And huſh'd the dogs with bread.

XII.

And when the amorous nightingale
Sung ſweetly to his mate,
She heard his quail-call in the field,
And, ah! ne'er made him wait.

XIII.

The words he whisper'd were so soft,
They won her ear and heart:
How soon will she, who loves, believe!
How deep a lover's art!

XIV.

No lure, no soothing guise, he spar'd,
To banish virtuous shame;
He call'd on holy God above,
As witness to his flame.

XV.

He clasp'd her to his breast, and swore
To be for ever true:
'O yield thee to my wishful arms,
'Thy choice thou shalt not rue.'

XVI.

And' while she strove, he drew her on,
And led her to the bower
So dim,—so dim—and round about
Sweet smell'd the beans in flower.

XVII.

There beat her heart, and heav'd her breast,
And pleaded every sense:
And there the glowing breath of lust
Did blast her innocence.

XVIII.

But when the fragrant beans began
Their fallow blooms to shed,
Her sparkling eyes their lustre lost;
Her cheek, its roses fled:

XIX.

And when she saw the pods increase,
The ruddier cherries stain,
She felt her silken robe grow tight,
Her waist new weight sustain.

XX.

And when the mowers went afield,
The yellow corn to ted,
She felt her burden ſtir within,
And ſhook with tender dread.

XXI.

And when the winds of autumn hiſt
Along the ſtubble field;
Then could the damſel's piteous plight
No longer be conceal'd.

XXII.

Her ſire, a harſh and angry man,
With furious voice revil'd:
" Hence from my ſight! I'll none of thee
" I harbour not thy child."

XXIII.

And faſt, amid her fluttering hair,
With clenched fiſt he gripes,
And feiz'd a leathern thong, and laſh'd
Her ſide with ſounding ſtripes.

XXIV.

Her lily ſkin, ſo ſoft and white,
He ribb'd with bloody wales;
And thruſt her out, tho' black the night,
Tho' fleet and ſtorm aſſails.

XXV.

Up the harſh rock, on flinty paths,
The maiden had to roam;
On tottering feet ſhe grop'd her way,
And ſought her lover's home.

XXVI.

" A mother thou haſt made of me,
" Before thou mad'ſt a wife:
" For this, upon my tender breaſt,
" Theſe livid ſtripes are rife:

XXVII.

" Behold."—And then, with bitter sobs,
She sunk upon the floor—
" Make good the evil thou hast wrought;
" My injur'd name restore."

XXVIII.

' Poor soul; I'll have thee hous'd and nurs'd;
' Thy terrors I lament.
' Stay here; we'll have some further talk—
' The old one shall repent'.—

XXIX.

" I have no time to rest and wait;
" That saves not my good name:
" If thou with honest soul hast sworn
" O leave me not to shame;

XXX.

" But at the holy altar be
" Our union sanctified;
" Before the people and the priest
" Receive me for thy bride."

XXXI.

' Unequal matches must not blot
' The honours of my line;
' Art thou of wealth or rank for me,
' To harbour thee as mine?

XXXII.

' What's fit and fair I'll do for thee;
' Shalt yet retain my love—
' Shalt wed my huntsman—and we'll then
' Our former transports prove.'

XXXIII.

" Thy wicked soul, hard-hearted man,
" May pangs in hell await!
" Sure, if not suited for thy bride,
" I was not for thy mate.

XXXIV.

" Go, ſeek a ſpouſe of nobler blood
" Nor God's juſt judgments dread—
" So ſhall, ere long, ſome baſe-born wretch
" Defile thy marriage bed.—

XXXV.

" Then, traitor, feel how wretched they
" In hopeleſs ſhame immerſt;
" Then ſmite thy forehead on the wall
" While horrid curſes burſt.

XXXVI.

" Roll thy dry eyes in wild deſpair—
" Unſooth'd thy grinning wo:
" Thro' thy pale temples fire the ball,
" And ſink to fiends below."

XXXVII.

Collected, then, ſhe ſtarted up,
And, thro' the hiſſing ſleet,
Thro' thorn and brier, thro' flood and mire,
She fled with bleeding feet.

XXXVIII.

" Where now," ſhe cry'd, " my gracious God!
" What refuge have I left?"
And reach'd the garden of her home,
Of hope in man bereft.

XXXIX.

On hand and foot ſhe feebly crawl'd
Beneath the bower unbleſt;
Where withering leaves and gathering ſnow
Prepar'd her only reſt.

XL.

There rending pains and darting throes
Aſſail'd her ſhuddering frame;
And from her womb a lovely boy,
With wail and weeping came.

XLI.

Forth from her hair a ſilver pin
With haſty hand ſhe drew,
And preſt againſt its tender heart,
And the ſweet babe ſhe ſlew.

XLII.

Whene'er the act of blood was done
Her ſoul its guilt abhorr'd:
" My Jeſus! what has been my deed?
" Have mercy on me, Lord!"

XLIII.

With bloody nails, beſide the pond,
Its ſhallow grave ſhe tore:
" There reſt in God; there ſhame and want
" Thou can'ſt not ſuffer more:

XLIV.

" Me vengeance waits. My poor, poor child,
" Thy wound ſhall bleed afreſh,
" When ravens from the gallows tear
" Thy mother's mould'ring fleſh."—

XLV.

Hard by the bower her gibbet ſtands:
Her ſkull is ſtill to ſhow;
It ſeems to eye the barren grave,
Three ſpans in length below.

XLVI.

That is the ſpot where grows no graſs;
Where falls no rain nor dew:
Whence ſteals along the pond of toads
A hovering fire ſo blue.

XLVII.

And nightly, when the ravens come,
Her ghoſt is ſeen to glide;
Purſues and tries to quench the flame,
And pines the pool beſide.

FINIS.

H.
no. 8

MONSIEUR TONSON.

A TALE.

WRITTEN BY

MR. TAYLOR,

AND RECITED IN LONDON

BY

MR. FAWCET,

TO CROWDED AUDIENCES WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

I.

THERE lived, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
[illegible] years ago, or more,
[illegible] in town, nam'd TOM KING,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
[illegible] the arts to teage and [illegible],
In short for strokes of humour quite *the thing*.

II.

To many a jovial Club TOM KING was known,
[illegible] wit unrivall'd shone—
[illegible] spirit, grave Free Mason, Buck and Blood,
[illegible] his Stories and *Tom Moo* to hear,
[illegible] disappointment e'er could fear,
[illegible] humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

III.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
A [illegible] would hunt for day and night,
[illegible] Prudence on the sport might frown;
If [illegible] mischief sprang to view,
[illegible] and ditch away TOM flew,
[illegible] till he had run it down.

IV.

One night our Hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his courſe to bend,
Juſt by that ſpot the Seven Dials height;—
'Twas ſilence all around, clear was the coaſt,
The watch, as uſual, dozing on his poſt,
And ſcarce a lamp diſplay'd a twinkling light.

V.

Around this place there liv'd the num'rous clans
Of honeſt, plodding, Foreign Artizans,
Known at that time by name of REFUGEES—
The rod of Perſecution from their home
Compell'd the inoffenſive race to roam,
And here they lighted, like a ſwarm of bees.

VI.

TOM and his friend were ſaunt'ring thro' the ſtreet,
In hopes ſome food for humour ſoon to meet,
When, in a window near, a light they view;
And though a dim and melancholy ray,
It ſeem'd the prologue to ſome merry play,
So tow'rds the gloomy dome our Hero drew.

VII.

Strait at the door TOM gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time we may ſuppoſe near two o'clock)
"I'll bet," ſays KING, "if THOMSON lodges here,"—
"The ſame," cries t'other, "who the devil's he?"
"I know not," KING replies, "but want to ſee
"What kind of animal will now appear."

VIII.

After ſome time a little Frenchman came,
One hand diſplay'd a ruſh-light's trembling flame,

The other held the thing they call *culotte;*
An old ſtrip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,
A tatter'd waiſtcoat o'er one ſhoulder ſpread,
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

IX.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous ſmil'd,
And ſoon addreſs'd our Wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee—
"Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come ſo late?
"I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you vait;
"Pray, tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me!"

X.

"Sir," reply'd KING, I merely thought to know,
"As by your houſe I chanc'd to-night to go—
"But really, I diſturb'd your ſleep, I fear—
"I ſay, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
"Among the folks who in this ſtreet may dwell,
"If there's a Mr. THOMSON lodges here?"

XI.

The ſhiv'ring Frenchman, tho' not pleas'd to find
The buſineſs of this unimportant kind,
Too ſimple to ſuſpect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrug'd out a ſigh, that thus his reſt ſhould break,
Then, with unalter'd courteſy, he ſpake—
"No, Sare; no Monſieur TONSON loges here."

XII.

Our Wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rds home he ſped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
But KING reſolv'd not thus to drop the jeſt;
So the next night, with more of whim than grace,

made a visit to the place,
. . reak once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

XIII.

Tom knock'd,—but waited longer than before,
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door;
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound—
Tom, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determin'd to remain;
And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

XIV.

At last Tom hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep;
The Wag salutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprize,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes)
"Is there—a Mr. Thomson—lodges here?"

XV.

The Frenchman faulter'd, with a kind of fright—
"Vy, Sare, I'm sure, I tell you, Sare, last night—
(And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere)
"No Monsieur Tonson in de varld I know,
"No Monsieur Tonson here—I toll you so;
"Indeed, Sare, dere no Monsieur Tonson lodge here."

XVI.

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.
The rogue next night pursu'd his odd career—
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
"Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here!"

XVII.

Our ſportive Wight his uſual viſit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling Maid,
Whoſe tongue, indeed, than any jack went faſter—
Anxious ſhe ſtrove Tom's errand to enquire;
He ſaid, " 'Twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
" He ſhould not ſtir till he had ſeen her Maſter."

XVIII.

The damſel then began in doleful ſtate,
The Frenchman's broken ſlumbers to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day—
Tom told her, ſhe muſt fetch her Maſter down,
A chaiſe was ready—he was leaving Town,
But firſt had much of deep concern to ſay.

XIX.

Thus urg'd, ſhe went the ſnoring man to call
And long, indeed, was ſhe oblig'd to bawl,
Ere ſhe could rouſe the torpid lump of clay.
At laſt he wakes—he riſes—and he ſwears,
But ſcarcely had he totter'd down the ſtairs,
When Tom attacks him in the uſual way.

XX.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And ſtrait in rage began his croſt to rear—
" Sare, vat the devil make you treat me ſo?
" Sare, I inform you, Sare, tree nights ago,
" Got tam, I ſwear, no Monſieur Tonson here."

XXI.

True as the night, Tom went, and heard a ſtrife
Between the harraſ'd Frenchman and his Wife,

Which should descend to chase the fiend away;
At length to join their forces they agree,
And strait impetuously they turn the key,
Pepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

XXII.

Our Hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Utt'ring the old enquiry, calmly stood—
The *name* of THOMSON rais'd the storm so high—
TOM deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With—"Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

XXIII.

In short, our Hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit.
They threw out water—for the watch did cry,
But TOM expecting, still clear'd from all—
Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to quit.

XXIV.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect fought the Eastern clime:
Six long'ring years were there his tedious lot;
At length, content, amid his ripening store,
TOM treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

XXV.

To London with impatient hope TOM flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,

Tom fain muſt ſtroll, the well-known haunt to trace,
"Ah! here's the ſcene of frequent mirth." Tom ſaid:
"My poor old Frenchman, I ſuppoſe is dead—
"Egad! I'll knock, and ſee who holds his place."

XXVI.

With rapid ſtrokes Tom rat-tat the manſion roar,
And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why e'en our little Frenchman, ſtrange to ſay,
He took! old abode that very day—
Capricious turn of ſportive Fortune's Wheel!

XXVII.

Without one thought of the relentleſs foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him ſix years ago,
There in his former trim he now appears;
The ſame old coat and the night-cap ſeem'd the ſame,
With ruſh-light, as before, he creeping came,
And Tom's detected voice aſtoniſh'd hears.

XXVIII.

As if ſome hideous ſpectre ſtruck his ſight,
His ſenſes ſeem'd bewilder'd with affright;
His face, indeed, betpoke a heart full ſore—
Then, ſtarting, he exclaim'd, in rueful ſtrain,
"*Begar! here's Monſieur* TONSON *come again!*"
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more.

FINIS.

POEMS

WRITTEN BY A

BRITISH SAILOR,

WHEN CONFINED IN THE

PRISON OF QUIMPER,

IN FRANCE.

To which are added,

TWO SONNETS.

"How many bleed,
"By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
"How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
"Shut from the common air, and common use
"Of their own limbs." THOMSON.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following POEMS were written by a BRITISH SEAMAN, while in prifon at QUIMPER, and were communicated to the EDITOR by a Friend, who had himfelf, been eighteen months a prifoner in France. The feelings alone, of the Reader, are appealed to for afcertaining their merit. But it is believed, that the POEMS of a BRITISH SAILOR, written within that prifon which was the fcene of fo much diftrefs to our captive countrymen, and in the midft of thofe miferies which fo many have reafon to deplore, will be efteemed curious and intereſting. The EDITOR has juſt to add, that a very few alterations only have been made from the copy communicated to him, which probably became neceſſary, merely from the incorrectneſs of the tranſcript, taken in the confuſion and inconvenience of a priſon

LAMENTATION

IN THE

PRISON OF QUIMPER.

I.

AH! BRITAIN's Guardian Genius, why
Thus leave thy sons so brave,
To drop neglected and unwept
Into the silent grave:
To pine amid disease and want,
On cruel GALLIA's shore,
Till in Death's darkest night they fall,
They fall, to rise no more?

II.

Ah! see the sons of NEPTUNE, bold,
For valour long renown'd,
Lie helpless as the new born babe
Upon the cold hard ground:
Who, tho' they've fac'd the battle's rage,
And seas, and tempests wild,
Are doom'd, alas! at last to be
By cruel usage, foil'd.

III.

Oh! many a father's tender heart,
And many a mother's too,
And many a widow'd helpless wife,
Shall QUIMPER's prison rue:

For many a youth, of promis'd bloom,
And many a husband dear,
Far, far, from BRITAIN's friendly shore,
Died friendless victims here.

IV.

Three thousand men were in its walls,
Once active, stout, and well,
But ere three months were past and gone,
Full fifteen hundred fell;
Whilst, with dejected downcast eyes,
Weak, languid, starv'd, and pale,
The sad survivor's scarce had strength
To tell the mournful tale.

V.

Whilst life's warm blood flows through my veins,
And grief affords a tear,
Still shall I weep those hapless scenes
Which I have witness'd here.
Whilst one idea lasts, and sense
Of wrong, my heart can swell
I'll ne'er forget that land in which
My gallant comrades fell.

THE SCENE OF WOE.

I.

I TELL of QUIMPER's gloomy walls,
In GALLIA's desolated land,
Where many a BRITON's spirit calls
For vengeance on the unfeeling band,

Where ENGLAND's nobleſt, brighteſt pride,
Was baſely trampled by the foe:
What eye but wept, what heart but ſigh'd,
To ſee ſo deep a ſcene of woe.

II.

There, many a youth who ev'ry clime
Had rang'd, and battle's dangers prov'd,
Droop'd, like the freſh roſe in its prime
Tranſplanted from the ſoil it lov'd,
Unpitied pin'd, unpitied died,
Unpitied doom'd to earth to go:—
What eye but wept, what heart but ſigh'd,
To ſee ſo deep a ſcene of woe.

III.

There, void of honour's ſacred tie,
Or of the feeling heart's reproach,
They view'd, unmov'd, the victims die;
Unmov'd, beheld their pangs approach,
Unmov'd, beheld them ſide by ſide
Expos'd to the rude blaſts that blow:
What eye but wept, what heart but ſigh'd,
To ſee ſo deep a ſcene of woe.

IV.

There, long the pale ſurviving few,
The ſaddeſt garb of ſorrow wore,
Whilſt round them noxious vapours flew,
And cold and hunger pierc'd them ſore.
The calls of nature unſupply'd,
To dogs and carrion forc'd to go:
What eye but wept, what heart but ſigh'd,
To ſee ſo deep a ſcene of woe.

THE CARTEL.

Tune—*Mary's Dream.*

I.

LONG had the victims pale, of war,
With ſtruggles hard, keen hunger born,
And many a gallant BRITISH TAR
Had been from life's bright precincts torn,
When came the long expected day,
On which, whilſt round the tidings flee,
Divine BRITANNIA ſeem'd to ſay,
" My ſons ſhall weep no more for me."

II.

The meagre, pallid cheek of woe,
Mark'd with the traces of deſpair,
Receives once more HEALTH's roſy glow,
And happineſs ſits ſmiling there:—
Whilſt, oh! how ſweet, he hopes to hear
Full ſoon, from pain, from ſorrow free,
The part'ner of his boſom dear,
Say, " How I've wept and mourn'd for thee."

III.

When to his longing eyes appear
The chalky cliffs of BRITAIN's ſhore,
Ah! how his trembling boſom fears
To find his love is true no more;
But how he'll bleſs the happy day,
When, in his arms, from danger free,
He hears her, fraught with tranſport, ſay,
" Ah! how I've wept and mourn'd for thee."

IV.

No more his mean, diſhonour'd foes
Shall ſhare him out his portion ſcant,
No more ſhall rob him of repoſe
With inſults keen, and pining want:
Heed not the frequent briny tear
Thou'lt ſhed, my Friend, mayhap thou'lt ſee
Theſe ſavage foes within thy pow'r,—
No—" never may they weep like thee."

V.

Oft, as the jovial bowl goes round,
Amid the ſweets of feſtive cheer,
Sad, ſhalt thou tell of thoſe who fell,
And ſpare their penſive ſhades a tear:
Which, hov'ring, ſtill o'er the lov'd clime,
Muſt mourn their fate was ere to be
Murder'd on GALLIA's ſavage ſhore,
O BRITAIN! in *captivity*.

SONNET.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu!
Farewel, ſoft minſtrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou ſhalt ſing anew,
And pour thy muſic on 'the night's dull ear.'

Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether filent in our groves you dwell,
The penfive muſe ſhall own thee for her mate,
And ſtill protect the ſong, ſhe loves ſo well.
With cautious ſtep, the love-lorn youth ſhall glide
Thro' the lone brake that ſhades thy moſſy neſt;
And ſhepherd girls, from eyes profane ſhall hide
The gentle bird, who ſings of pity beſt:
For ſtill thy voice ſhall ſoft affections move,
And ſtill be dear to ſorrow, and to love!

SONNET.

TO SPRING.

AGAIN the wood, and long-withdrawing vale,
In many a tint of tender green are dreſt,
Where the young leaves unfolding, ſcarce conceal
Beneath their early ſhade, the half-form'd neſt
Of finch or wood-lark; and the primroſe pale,
And laviſh cowſlip wildly ſcatter'd round,
Give their ſweet ſpirits to the ſighing gale.
Ah! ſeaſon of delight!—could aught be found
To ſoothe awhile the tortur'd boſom's pain,
Of Sorrows rankling ſhaft to cure the wound,
And bring life's firſt deluſions once again,
'Twere ſurely meet in thee!—thy proſpect fair,
The ſounds of harmony, thy balmy air,
Have power to cure all ſadneſs—but deſpair.

FINIS.

MARGRET

AND THE

MINISTER.

A TRUE TALE.

" *She ne'er before saw sicken fairlies,*
" *Sae mony antic tirlie whirlies!—*
" *How to behave, when she was eating,*
" *In sic a nicy, genile meeting,*
" *She had great fears.—Her heart was beating;*
" *Her legs did joake—her face was sweating;*
" *But still, see was resolv'd, anon,*
" *To do in a' things like* MESS JOHN."

II.

A MORNING WALK.

" ——— *Ever charming, ever new;*
" *When will the Landscape tire the view.*"

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
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MARGRET *and the* MINISTER.

A TRUE TALE.

A Douse, religious, kintry wife,
That liv'd a quiet, contented life,
To show respect unto the priest
Whaim she esteem'd within her breast,
Catch'd *twa fat hens*, baith big an' plump,
An' *butter* she pack'd up a lump;
Which she a present meant to gie him,
An' wi' them aff she gade to see him,
Dress'd in her ain auld kintry fas'on,
Wi' *brown stuff gown, an' brasw white buffin*
A dark blue cloak an' hood co'erd a'.
Sae lade, sae clad, she march'd awa';
Thus trudg'd along—an' hence, belyve
At the manse door she did arrive:
Rapp't—was admitted by the maid;
Ben to the kitchen wi' her gade—
Syne for the Minister enquir'd,
Who soon came but, as she desir'd.
When she to him a *curtsie* made,
An' he to her thus smiling said.

MINISTER.

" O! my dear MARGRET, is this you;
" I'm glad to ſee you; how d' ye do?
" How's TAMOS, my auld worthy frien'?
" How's JOCK, your ſon, an' daughter, JEAN?"

MARGRET.

" They're gaily, Sir, we're a' meat heal,
" Yet TAMIE's e'en but crāz'd an' frail;
" But, here's ſome butter, I preſent ye,
" Which, wi' thir hen's, I compliment ye."

MINISTER.

" Howt, MARGRET! this ſpeaks t' expence,
" But thanks ye'ſe get for recompence:
" Wi' grateſu' heart, I freely tell,
" Ye're ever kind, an' like yourſell."

MARGRET.

" Whiſht, Sir! wi' thanks; nae thanks ava;
" Ye're worthy mair; the gift's but ſma;
" But this acknowledgment here from us,
" Means ye're belov'd by me an' TAMOS."

MINISTER.

" Sic favours, ſure, I ne'er expected,
" Yet blyth am I, I'm ſae reſpected:
" Fling aff your clouk, an' follow me;
" Come ben, an' reſt, an' crack awee:
" 'Tis no ſae aſt ye come to ſee us,
" Ye'll wait, and tak' your dinner wi' us:
" A's ready, waiting on my comin';
" Come ben, then MARGRET, honeſt woman."

MARGRET.

" Na, na, Sir! dinna speak o' that,
" I'll tak' nae dinner, weel I wat:
" Wi' gentle manners, (ye will grant it,)
" I've ever yet been unacquantet."

MINISTER.

" The manners that ye use at hame
" Use here, an' banish fear an' shame.
" The company's but few, they're wholly
" My Wife, a Preacher, Jess, an' Polly:
" Ye'se tak' your dinner or ye gang,
" *Jess do like me, ye'll no gae wrang.*"

To dine, at length, she was advis'd;
Gade glowrin' ben like ane surpris'd;
Spread wide her gown, her head erecked;
Confus'd and aukwardly she becked;
While rev'rend MESS JOHN, kind and fair,
Conducted her unto a chair;
An' tald them wi' a knacky sentence,
She was an intimate acquantance.

Blate like, aroun' them a' she gaz'd;
But at the table was amaz'd:
She ne'er before saw sicken fairlies,
Sae mony antic tirly-whirlies!—
How to behave, when she was eating,
In sic a nicy, gentle meeting,
She had great fears—Her heart was beating;
Her legs did shake—her face was sweating;
But still she was resolv'd, anon,
To do in a' things like MESS JOHN.

A' ready, fitting face to face,
His Rev'rence, gravely, faid the grace;
Then, wi' a frank an' open air,
Bade them fa' on, an' lib'ral fhare.—
But, he being wi' the palfy troubl'd,
In lifting fpoonfu's often dribbl'd;
Sae to prevent the draps o' broth,
He prin'd to's breaft the table-cloth.
Now MARGRET's fettl'd refolution,
Was quick'ly put in execution;
For as was faid already, fhe did
Refolve *to do whatever he did.*
She therefore, alfo, like the Prieft,
Prin'd the cloth firmly to her breaft,
(Wi' a prin twa inches lang at leaft;)
Which fmiles frae them at table drew,
As far's gude breeding wad allow.

Sae foon as they the kail had fupped,
To glancin' knives an' forks they gripped;
Wi' them to weel fill'd plates fell keenly;
Ate—took a drink—an' cracket frien'ly.
But MARGRET only was a hearer,
She was fae blate, nought feem'd to cheer her.
Sae mony things appearing new,
Came ilka minute in her view,
And fill'd her mind fae fu' o' dread,
Cracking was clean out o' her head.

In courfe, the Paftor, *her example,*
That brought her there to feed fae ample,
She notic'd twa or three times take
Out *o' a diſh ſtaik after ſtaik*
O' MUSTARD;—which fhe judg'd to be
Gravie, or fome delicious bric.

For MARGRET never did peruſe it,
Ken'd na its name, nor how to uſe it;
But now determin'd to partake o't,
She wi' a tea-ſpoon took a ſlark o't!
Heedleſs, ſhe ſupped up the whole!
Then! inſtantly ſhe looked droll.

Dung doited in a moment's ſpace,
She hung her head and threw her face!
Flung down her knife an' fork, diſpleas'd,
Syne wi' baith hands her noſe ſhe ſeiz'd,
While it did bite an' blin' her een;
The like o't, ſure, was never ſeen:
For, ſtartin' up as ſaft as abie,
The laill gear tumbl'd aff the table!

The craſh o' crock'ry ware reſounded,
Plates truntlin'—ilka ane confounded!—
Straight, to the door, ſhe trantic flew,
An' *after her*, MISS JOHN *ſhe drew;*
Which drave the company a' throughither
As they were kiopl'd baith thegither.
But, in a crack, the prins brak' looſe,
An' MARGRET, ravin', left the houſe.

Hameward, in haſte, ſhe hobbl'd, ſweating;
Tell'd TAMOS the *diſaſter*, greeting;
Wrung baith her hands, an' ſolemn ſware,
To dine wi' gentle folk nae mair.

A MORNING WALK.

——Ever charming, ever new;
When will the Landſcape tire the view.

DYER.

FAIR Phœbus, wi' his glancin' rays,
Was a' the fiel's adornin',
When o'er the lee to yonder braes,
I walked yeſ'day mornin':
There, ſweetly daunert, a' my lane,
Compos'd, an' weel contented,
Obſervin' ilka lovely ſcene
Nature to me preſented.
Forneſt me, on a riſin' green,
There ſtood a ducket tow'rin',
Where gentle, harmleſs dows were ſeen
Upo' the tap o't cowrin'.
A burn ran by the ducket's ſide,
Down thro' the green it wimpl'd,
O'er whilk a ſtately brig did ſtride,
Wi' age defac'd an' dimpl'd.
In bloſſoms braw, the whins an' broom
Were ſeen in gaudy yellow,
An' a' the knows appear'd in bloom,
On ilka ſide the hallow.
On right an' left, upo' the banks
Grew mony a kind o' timmer;
Some trees their lane—ſome plac'd in ranks
A' in the bud o' ſimmer.
The cauler ſprings, frae places ſteep,
Wi' drowth were ſcanty dribblin',
An' here an' there the bleating ſheep
Arhort the braes were nibblin'.

Beſide the clear meandrin' burn,
The ſtreams o' whilk was glancin',
There canty lambs took mony a turn,
Alang the edge o't dancin'.
Amang the ſhrubs an' wavin' trees,
Whilk I thought unco charmin',
Were thrifty thrangs o' bizzie bees,
In mony a place gaun ſwarmin'.
Some ſucked clover, while a few
Were bummin' at their leiſure;
While ithers baul' and twiſtly flew
Awa' to ſtore their treaſure.
The cheerfu' birds, baith big an' wee,
A' up an' down the plantin',
Wi' pleaſu' an' delightfu' glee,
Their bits o' ſangs were chantin'.
Gay butterflees I alſo ſaw
In numbers, finely decked;
Wi' nature's claiſe, a' buiked braw;
Some white, an' ſome were ſpeckled.
The lowes, the ſheep, the kowes, the kye,
The brig, the burn, the ducket,
The birds, the trees, the buterflees,
How charmin'ly they looket!
Thae heartſome ſweets, and mony mae,
Than I can link in meaſure,
Inſpir'd my ruſtic, cheerie lay,
An' fill'd my ſaul wi' pleaſure.
Henceforth, the town I'll ſhun, wi' a
Its *arts*, in ilka ſcature,
An' ſtill prefer to ſing the braw,
The winſome charms o' Nature.

FINIS.

K.
No. 11

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS EXHIBITED,

IN

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE.

IMPROVED.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AND

THE FIRESIDE.

A POEM.

BY DOCTOR COTTON.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE.

IMPROVED.

I.

JOHN Anderſon, my joe, John, I wonder what you mean,
To riſe ſo ſoon in the morning, and ſit up ſo late at e'en,
Ye'll bleer out a' your een, John, and why ſhould you do ſo,
Gang ſooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderſon, my joe.

II.

John Anderſon, my joe, John, whan nature firſt began
To try her canny hand, John, her maſter-work was *man*;
And you amang them a' John, ſo trig frae tap to toe,
She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John Anderſon, my joe.

III.

John Anderſon, my joy, John, ye were my firſt conceit,
And ye need na think it ſtrange, John, tho' I ca' ye trim and neat;
Tho' ſome folk ſay ye're auld, John, I never think ye ſo,
But I think ye're ay the ſame to me, John Anderſon, my joe.

IV.

John Anderſon, my joe, John, we've ſeen our bairns bairns,
And yet my dear, John Anderſon, I'm happy in your arms,
And ſae are ye in mine, John, I'm ſure ye'll ne'er ſay no,
Tho' the days are gane that we hae ſeen, John Anderſon, my joe.

V.

John Anderſon, my joy, John, what pleaſure does it gie,
To ſee ſae mony ſprouts, John, ſpring up 'tween you and me,
And ilka lad and laſs, John, in our footſteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth, John Anderſon, my joe.

VI.

John Anderſon, my joe, John, when we were firſt acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent,

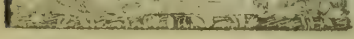
But now your head's turn'd bald, John, your locks are like the fnow,
Yet bleffings on your frofty pow, John Anderfon, my joe.

VII.

John Anderfon, my joe, John, frae year to year we've paft,
And foon that ye.r maun come, John, will bring us to our laft,
But let na' that affright us John, our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderfon, my joe.

VIII.

John Anderfon, my joe, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll fleep thegither at the foot, John Anderfon, my joe.



THE FIRESIDE.

I.

DEAR Cloe, while the buſy croud,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Tho' ſingularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No n oiſy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling ſtranger near,
To ſpoil our heartfelt joys.

III.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to beſtow,
From our own ſelves our bliſs muſt flow,
And that dear hut our home.

VI.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereſt,
When with impatient wing ſhe left
That ſafe retreat, the ark:
Giving her vain excurſions o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

V.

Tho' fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle powers:
We, who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradiſe below.

VI.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a ſpring,
Whence pleaſures ever riſe:
We'll form their minds with ſtudious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

VII.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompenſe our cares.

VIII.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate,
We look with pity on the Great,
And bleſs our humble lot.

IX.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need;
For Nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice
And make that little do.

X.

We'll therefore reliſh with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

XI.

To be reſign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours given;
Dear Cloe, this is wiſdom's part,
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to heaven.

XII.

We'll aſk no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is ſeldom ſweet;
But when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons, with envious eye,
The relics of our ſtore.

XIII.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious ſteps we'll tread;
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

XIV.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath:
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

FINIS.

L.
no. 12

WINIFRIDA:

A SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE WELCH,

BY DR. PERCY.

II.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

III.

BEAUTY *and* VIRTUE UNITED.

IV.

THE WISH.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

WINIFRIDA:

A SONG.

I.

Away! let naught to Love displeasing,
My Winifrida, move your care,
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish Pride, nor gloomy Fear.

II.

What, tho' no grants of Royal Donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be *Noble*, we'll be *Good*.

III.

Our name, while Virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound, where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the *great ones* much shall wonder,
How they respect such *little folk*.

IV.

What, tho' from Fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our plainer plenty,
And be content without excess.

V.

Still, ſhall each kind returning ſeaſon,
Sufficient for our wiſhes give;
For we will live *a life of reaſon*,
And that's the *only* life to live.

VI.

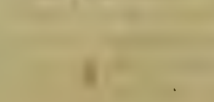
Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-ſmiling Peace ſhall crown our dwelling,
And babes, ſweet-ſmiling babes, our bed.

VII.

How ſhould I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung!
To ſee them look their mother's features,
And hear them liſp their mother's tongue!

VIII.

And when, with envy, Time tranſported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You'll in your *Girls* again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my *Boys*.



THE POWER OF LOVE.

I.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damaſk roſe;
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as winds when zephyr blows;
Refreſhing as deſcending rains,
On ſun-burnt climes, and thirſty plains.

II.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the ſun;
Conſtant as gliding waters roll,
Whoſe ſwelling tides obey the moon:
From ev'ry other charmer free,
My life and love ſhall follow thee.

III.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid purſues;
Sweet Philomel, in ſhady bow'rs,
With verdant ſpring her notes renews:
All follow what they moſt admire,
As I purſue my ſoul's deſire.

IV.

Nature muſt change her beauteous face,
And vary as the ſeaſons riſe;
As Winter to the Spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of Autumn flies;
No change on Love the ſeaſons bring,
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

V.

Devouring Time, with ſtealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble tow'rs and gates of braſs,
In his rude march he levels low:
But Time, deſtroying far and wide,
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

VI.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the bleſt above;
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a laſting reſt from pain.

VII.

Love, and his ſiſter fair, the Soul,
Twin-born, from Heav'n, together came:
Love will the univerſe controul,
When dying ſeaſons loſe their name:
Divine abodes ſhall own his pow'r,
When time and Death ſhall be no more.

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE UNITED:

A SONG.

I.

WHEN *Innocence* and *Beauty* meet,
To add to lovely female grace,
How far, beyond expreſſing ſweet,
Is ev'ry feature of the face?

II.

When *Peace* and *Wiſdom* hold their ſway,
And *Virtue* fills the glowing breaſt,
Each winning charm, ſerenely gay,
Is in th' angelic form confeſs'd.

III.

O *ſacred Virtue*! tune my voice
With heart-inſpiring harmony;
Then ſhall thy *calm*, yet *rapt'rous* joys!
Expand my ſoul with love of *thee*.

IV.

Thus, mine ſhall be true bliſs refin'd,
When this vain ſhadow flies away:
Th' eternal beauties of the mind,
Shall laſt when all things elſe decay.

THE WISH.

Give me, kind Heav'n, the middle ſtate,
Not meanly poor, not proudly great!
I aſk no wealth, no pow'r I crave;
Let me not have, nor be a ſlave:
O'er no man let me covet rule;
Let no man e'er make me his tool.

The duty I to others owe,
Teach thou my rebel heart to know,
Yet let me never anxious be,
For duty others owe to me:
But think, ere I too much expect,
The higher duties I neglect.

Bleſs me with health, to earn my food,
With wiſdom, to diſcern what's good.
Leſs let me others' errors mind,
Than thoſe within myſelf I find;
Averſe to make their foibles known,
As careful to conceal my own:
And, leſt I do another wrong,
Reſtrain the licence of my tongue!

The ills, as mortal, I muſt ſhare,
Make me, without repining, bear:
Convinc'd, the ſinful cauſe is mine,
The merciful chaſtiſement thine.

On ev'ry fellow-mortal's wo,
Let me a ready tear beſtow;
Nor be ſo much of need afraid,
As to with-hold my little aid,
When weeping Want, with trembling hand,
Makes, in thy name, its meek demand.

When Innocence gives laughter birth,
Let me not check the harmleſs mirth;
But bleſs the voice, that kindly cries—
'Be *merry*, mortals, and be *wiſe*.'

O gracious Heav'n, theſe bleſſings give!
I care not *where*, but *how*, I live!

VERSES ON YOUTH:

A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.

"*Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*"
Eccleſ.

THE pliant ſoul of erring youth
Is like ſoft wax, or moiſten'd clay,
Apt to receive all *Heav'nly Truth*,
Or yield to *tyrant Ill*, the ſway.

II.

Shun evil in your early years,
So manhood ſhall to virtue riſe:
He who, in youth, a fool appears,
In age, will ne'er be counted wiſe.

FINIS.

no. 13

HEALTH:

A POEM.

BY DR. COTTON.

———————" *O Health!*
" *Without thy cheerful active energy*
" *No rapture swells the breast, no Poet sings,*
" *No more the maids of Helicon delight,*
" *Come then with me, O Goddess, heavenly gay!*
" *Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,*
" *And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:*
" *How best the sickle fabric to support*
" *Of mortal man; in* healthful body *how*
" *A* healthful mind *the longest to maintain.*"

ARMSTRONG.

GLASGOW:
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Brash & Reid.

HEALTH.

ATTEND my vifion, thoughtleſs youth,
Ere long you'll think it weighty truth;
Prudent it were to think ſo now;
Ere age has ſilver'd o'er your brow:
For he who at his early years
Has ſown in vice, ſhall reap in tears.
If folly has poſſeſs'd his prime,
Diſeaſe ſhall gather ſtrength in time;
Poiſon ſhall rage in ev'ry vein,—
Nor penitence dilute the ſtain:
And when each hour ſhall urge his fate,
Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.

The ſubject of my ſong is HEALTH,
A good ſuperior far to wealth.
Can the young mind diſtruſt its worth?
Conſult the monarchs of the earth:
Imperial czars and ſultans, own
No gem ſo bright, that decks their throne:
Each for this pearl, his crown would quit,
And turn a ruſtic, or a cit.

Mark, tho' the bleſſing's loſt with eaſe,
'Tis not recover'd when you pleaſe.
Say not that gruels ſhall avail,
For ſalutary gruels fail.
Say not, Apollo's ſons ſucceed,
Apollo's ſon's Egypt's reed.

How fruitleſs the phyſician's ſkill,
How vain the penitential pill,
The marble monuments proclaim,
The humbler turf confirms the ſame!
Prevention is the better cure,
So ſays the proverb, and 'tis ſure.

Would you extend your narrow ſpan,
And make the moſt of life you can,
Would you, when med'cines cannot ſave,
Deſcend with eaſe into the grave;
Calmly retire, like evening light,
And chearful, bid the world good-night!
Let Temp'rance conſtantly preſide,
Our beſt phyſician, friend, and guide!
Would you to wiſdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of ſenſe?
Let Temp'rance (always friend to fame)
With ſteady hand direct your aim;
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random ſhaft will miſs the mark;
For they who ſlight her golden rules,
In wiſdom's volume ſtand for fools.

But morals, unadorn'd by art,
Are ſeldom known to reach the heart.
I'll therefore ſtrive to raiſe my theme
With all the ſcenery of dream.

Soft were my ſlumbers, ſweet my reſt,
Such as the infant's on the breaſt;
When Fancy, ever on the wing,
And fruitful as the genial ſpring,

Presented, in a blaze of light,
A new creation to my sight.

A rural landscape I descry'd,
Dreſt in the robes of summer pride;
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;
Below the fleecy mothers' stray'd,
And round their sportive lambkins play'd.

Nigh to a murmuring brook I saw
An humble cottage thatch'd with straw;
Behind, a garden that supply'd
All things for use, and none for pride:
Beauty prevail'd thro' ev'ry part,
But more of nature than of art.

Hail, thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat!
I bad, and bleſs'd the fair retreat:
Here would I pass my remnant days,
Unknown to censure, or to praise;
Forget the world, and be forgot,
As POPE describes his Vestal's lot.

While thus I muss'd, a beauteous maid
Stept from a thicket's neighb'ring shade;
Not Hampton's gallery can boast,
Nor Hudson paint so fair a taste:
She view'd the cottage for her own,
Yo HEALTH *a cottage is a throne.*

The animals say (to prove her worth)
The Graces sanctify'd her birth.

Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought,
The orchard's blushing pride they brought:
Hence, in her face the lily speaks,
And hence the rose which paints her cheeks:
The cherry gave her lips to glow,
Her eyes were debtors to the sloe;
And, to complete the lovely fair,
'Tis said the chesnut stain'd her hair.

The virgin was averse to courts,
But often seen in rural sports:
When in her rosy vest the dawn
Walks o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,
The nymph is first to form the race,
Or wind the horn, and lead the chace.

Sudden I heard a shouting train,
Glad acclamations fill'd the plain;
Unbounded joy improv'd the scene,
For HEALTH was loud proclaim'd a queen.

Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne,
(To modern courts, I fear, unknown;)
One was the nymph, that loves the light,
Fair INNOCENCE, array'd in white;
With sister PEACE in close embrace,
And heav'n all opening in her face.

The reign was long, the empire great,
And VIRTUE, minister of state,
In other kingdoms, ev'ry hour,
You hear of vice preferr'd to pow'r;
Vice was a perfect stranger here:
No knaves engross'd the royal ear:

No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace;
Virtue disposs'd of ev'ry place.

What fickly appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying hours!
And tho' from good to bad we range,
" No matter," says the fool, " 'tis change."

Her subjects now express'd apace
Dissatisfaction in their face:
Some view'd the state with envy's eye,
Some were displeas'd, they knew not why:
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus, should an angel from above,
Fraught with benevolence and love,
Descend to earth, and here impart
Important truths to mend the heart;
Would not the instructive guest dispense
With passion, appetite, and sense,
We should his heav'nly lore despise,
And send him to his former skies.

A dang'rous hostile power arose
To HEALTH, whose household were her foes:
A harlot's loose attire she wore,
And LUXURY the name she bore.
This princess of unbounded sway,
Whom Asia's softer sons obey,
Made war against the queen of HEALTH,
Assisted by the troops of WEALTH.

The queen was first to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield;

Temper'd with ſuch ſuperior art,
That both were proof to ev'ry dart.
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
And wondrous fav'rites with the queen:
Both were of Amazonian race,
Both high in merit, and in place.
Here, RESOLUTION march'd, whoſe ſoul
No fear could ſhake, no pow'r controul;
The heroine wore a Roman veſt,
A lion's heart inform'd her breaſt.
There PRUDENCE ſhone, whoſe boſom wrought
With all the various plans of thought;
'Twas her's to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage.

And now the Siren's armies preſs,
Their van was headed by EXCESS:
The mighty wings, that form'd the ſide,
Commanded by that giant PRIDE:
While SICKNESS, and her ſiſters PAIN
And POVERTY, the centre gain:
REPENTANCE, with a brow ſevere,
And DEATH, were ſtation'd in the rear.

HEALTH rang'd her troops with matchleſs art,
And acted the defenſive part:
Her army poſted on a hill,
Plainly beſpoke ſuperior ſkill:
Hence were diſcover'd thro' the plain,
The motions of the hoſtile train:
While PRUDENCE, to prevent ſurprize,
Oft ſally'd with her truſty ſpies;
Explor'd each ambuſcade below,
And reconnoitred well the foe.

Afar when LUXURY descry'd,
Inferior force by art supply'd,
The Siren spake—Let FRAUD prevail,
Since all my numerous hosts must fail;
Henceforth hostilities shall cease,
I'll send to HEALTH and offer peace.
Strait she dispatch'd, with pow'rs compleat,
PLEASURE, her minister, to treat.
This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,
And sow'd sedition in the heart!
Thro' ev'ry troop the poison ran,
All were infected to a man.
The wary generals were won
By PLEASURE's wiles, and both undone.

Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
And bade diseases blast their race;
Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
And snatch'd his darling to the skies:
Who still regards those wiser few,
That dare her dictates to pursue.
For where her stricter law prevails,
Tho' PASSION prompts, or VICE assails;
Long shall they cloudless skies behold,
And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

N
70.14

THE

PURSUIT OF HEALTH:

A POEM.

To which are added,

NATURE AND PHYSIC;

AND

VERSES ON VIEWING

THE AQUEDUCT BRIDGE, &c.

OVER KELVIN, NEAR GLASGOW.

" *If Architecture's pride in modern time,*
" *Can raise the thought from fordid to sublime,*
" *Thee* KELVIN BRIDGE, *can sure that merit claim,*
" *Thy structure stands unrival'd yet in fame.*"

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

I.

ONE April morn, reclin'd in bed,
Juſt at the hour when dreams are true;
A fairy form approach'd my head,
Smiling beneath her mantle blue.

II.

"Fie, fie," ſhe cry'd, "why ſleep ſo long,
"Why, Health, the nymph you dearly love,
"Now roves the vernal flow'rs among,
"And waits for you in yonder grove?

III.

"Hark! you may hear her cherub voice,
"The voice of Health is ſweet and clear;
"Yes, you may hear the birds rejoice
"In ſymphony, her arbour near."

IV.

I roſe, and haſten'd to the grove,
With eager ſteps and anxious mind;
I roſe, the elfin's truth to prove,
And hop'd the promis'd nymph to find.

V.

My fairy took me by the hand,
And chearfully we ſtepp'd along;
She ſtepp'd but on the new-plough'd land,
To hear the ruſſet woodlark's ſong.

VERSES

ON VIEWING

THE AQUEDUCT BRIDGE, &c.

OVER KELVIN, NEAR GLASGOW,

Along whith the Navigation of the GREAT CANAL *paſſes.*

If Architecture's pride in modern time,
Can raiſe the thought from ſordid to ſublime,
Thee KELVIN BRIDGE, can ſure that merit claim,
Thy ſtructure ſtands unrivall'd yet in fame.

O'er thy huge pile, the eye tranſported ſtrays,
From baſe to top, from ſummit unto baſe;
Nor more thy form ſtrikes the aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Than thy vaſt uſe the mind with ſweet delight;
Below thee, Kelvin ſteals along her bed,
While Navigation ſleeps upon thy head;
By thee, aſſiſted, o'er th' abyſs ſo wide,
The ſons of traffic in proceſſion ride;
From ſea to ſea they ply, from ſhore to ſhore,
And o'er thy ſhoulders waft their pond'rous ſtore,
While trade increaſes, by thine aid ſupply'd,
And boaſts a courſe which Nature had deny'd.

Tho' ſpiteful KELVIN threatened to divide
Forth's tumbling flood from joining with the Clyde,
Thy riſing form, majeſtic, interpos'd,
Strode o'er the vale, and the wide gap was clos'd.

To vanquish Nature's local spite the more,
The trusty Locks retain their liquid store;
Which, from the height, by gradual steps descend,
Till, on thy top the short-liv'd torrents end.

How grand the view, when, from the hollow vale,
The eye, delighted, sees the coming sail;
With steady pace, her middle region ply,
And, on thy summit, hang 'twixt earth and sky:

Nor finish here, the wonder and amaze,
Which still must strike the curious stranger's gaze,
As they their course, from West to East explore,
Or from the East, desire the Western shore:
The curious Lock, obedient to the pin,
Swells, or contracts, her liquid flood within;
When the still barge hangs pendent on the brink,
Thy contents lessen with a gradual sink,
While thy huge gates, with wide expansion show,
A safe progression to the next below;
When the reverse, the rising water swells,
And that above, its empty neighbour fills;
While the proud barge, in elevation swims,
And, with slow motion, up the summit climbs,
So, having gain'd her course, she onward bends,
Till in Forth's stream the Navigation ends.

Thus, all the features of this vast design,
In one great cause, their mutual efforts join,
While thy huge Fabric tow'rs above the rest,
And stands the MONARCH of the Group confess'd.

FINIS.

G
20.15

PEACE AND HOME

PREFERRED TO

WAR AND TRAVEL.

To which are added,

THE VOLUNTEER,

THE DRUM,

AND

SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

"Oh tarry, gentle traveller;
"Oh, tarry now at setting day;
"Nor haste to leave this lovely vale
"For lofty mountains far away."

GLASGOW:
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PEACE AND HOME.

I.

O tarry, gentle traveller;
Oh, tarry now at ſetting day;
Nor haſte to leave this lowly vale
For lofty mountains far away.

II.

Oh, tell me what has tempted thee
Thro' woods and dreary wilds to roam;
Oh, tell me what has tempted thee
To quit thy lot and peaceful home.

III.

Say, haſt thou not a partner dear,
That's conſtant to thy love and kind?
And wilt thou leave her faithful ſide,
Nor caſt one ſorrowing look behind?

IV.

Yon ſun that gilds the village ſpire,
And gaily flings his parting ray,
Say, ſmiles he not as ſweetly o'er
Thy native village far away?

V.

Does mad ambition lure thy ſteps
To wander in the paths of ſtrife?
Ah, think how ſwift thy minutes fly!
Ah, think how ſhort thy ſpan of life!

VI.

For life is like yon crimſon beam
That trembles in the weſtern ſkies;
Full ſoon, alas! its glories ceaſe;
It ſparkles—glimmers—fades—and dies.

VII.

Oh, waſte not then thy fleeting hours
In foreign climes and paths unknown;
Return thee to the happy plains
That bounteous nature made thy own.

VIII.

For me, nor gold, nor princely power,
Nor purple veſt, nor ſtately dome,
Nor all that trophy'd grandeur boaſts,
Shall lure me from my tranquil home.

IX.

This ruſtic cot and ſilent ſhade
Shall evermore my dwelling be;
E'en when my deſtin'd days are ſpent
I'll reſt beneath yon aged tree.

X.

Beſide the brook, a ſimple ſtone,
Shall ſerve to guard my cold remains,
And tell the pilgrims, as they paſs,
I died amidſt my native plains.

XI.

Return then, gentle traveller;
Return thee with the morning ray;
Nor leave again thy lowly vale,
For lofty mountains far away.

THE VOLUNTEER.

WHEN fixpence a foldier muft cannot fupply
The jolly young man five feet ten inches high;
Who has jog'd with his knapſack twelve leagues thro' the rain,
While his wench and three brats had each ancle to ſtrain;
The poor Volunteer to the halberts is tied,
For ſtealing two chick-eggs and getting them fried:
What carters and jockies ſhould ſuffer he feels,
And the blood guthes down from his nape to his heels.

The Commander in chief, who is almoſt fifteen,
And a taylor's apprentice by right ſhould have been;
Now ſtrets round the circle, then turns on his heel,
To belabour the drummers *who can't make him feel*—
Swears England could ne'er have produc'd ſuch a rogue,
And obferves in his howling the true Iriſh brogue.
The Surgeon, whoſe ſympathy ſwells in each vein,
When a ſwoon interrupts the convulſions of pain,
Makes them flog till he ſtart to his ſenſes again:
Nay, Doctor and Drum for attendance are *paid*,
And his pockets are fleec'd while his ſhoulders are flay'd.

He's pack'd in a tranſport on every ſtate quarrel,
More ſightly than biſcuit and beef in a barrel:

In torrents each ſummer-ſhower ſtreams thro' his tent,
In barracks more diſmal, December is ſpent;
In damp rotten bedding, the moment he's laid,
To the rage of *whole armies* his rear is betray'd;
In health he infallibly more than half ſtarves,
In a tertian, he's us'd as a raſcal deſerves.

His Chloe, by hunger, compell'd to ſad pranks,
Is chas'd as a ſwindler in form thro' the ranks;
His children, when ſome baggage cart is o'erthrown
In a ditch, like blind puppies are ſuffer'd to drown.

And when for his king thirty years he has toil'd;
In Canada froſt-bit, in Africa broil'd;
Has been thrice a-week handcuff'd for drinking his pay,
Got nine thouſand laſhes for running away;
Has oft like a hero been wounded *before*,
And clear'd with a cudgel each concubine's ſcore;
At laſt, with the Dons, point to point he engages,
For more than one fourth of a ſcavenger's wages;
Some merciful volley then ſhatters a leg,
And his crutches obtain him permiſſion to beg.

THE DRUM.

VERSES WRITTEN ON HEARING A DRUM BEAT FOR THE RECRUITING SERVICE.

I.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms,
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

II.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widow's tears, and orphan's moans,
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To swell the catalogue of human woes.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH;

OR,

SUCH THINGS WERE.

" *I cannot but remember* Such things were,
" *And were moſt precious to me.*"

SHAKESPEAR.

I.

SCENES of my youth! ye once were dear,
Tho' ſadly I your charms ſurvey;
I once was wont to linger here,
From early dawn to cloſing day.
Scenes of my Youth! pale ſorrow flings
A ſhade o'er all your beauties now;
And robs the moments of their wings,
That ſcatter pleaſure as they flow;
While ſtill to heighten every care,
Reflection tells me, *Such things were.*

II.

'Twas here a tender mother ſtrove
To keep my happineſs in view;
I ſmil'd beneath a parent's love,
That ſoft compaſſion ever knew;
In whom the virtues all combin'd,
On whom I could with faith rely;
To whom my heart and ſoul were join'd
By mild Affection's primal tie!
Who ſmiles in Heav'n, exempt from care,
Whilſt I remember, *Such things were.*

III.

'Twas here, (where calm and tranquil reſt
O'erpays the peaſant for his toil)

That, first in blessing, I was blest,
With glowing Friendship's open smile.
My friend, far distant doom'd to roam,
Now braves the fury of the seas;
He fled his peaceful, happy home,
His little fortune to encrease:
Whilst bleeds afresh the wound of Care,
When I remember, *Such things were.*

IV.

'Twas here—ev'n in this blooming grove,
I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
Who, blushing, own'd a mutual love,
And melted in my youthful arms.
Tho' hard the soul-conflicting strife,
Yet fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
Far from my sight the charm of life—
The lovely maid whom I adore.
'Twould ease my soul of all its care,
Could I forget that, *Such things were.*

V.

Here first I saw the morn appear
Of guileless pleasure's shining day;
I met the dazzling bright'ners here,
Here mark'd the soft declining ray—
Behold the skies, whose streaming light
Gave splendour to the parting sun;
Now lost in sorrow's sable night,
And all their mingled glories gone!
Till death in pity, end my care,
I must remember, *Such things were.*

FINIS

VI.

We reach'd the grove—I look'd around,
My fairy was no longer near;
But of her voice I knew the sound,
And thus she whisper'd in mine ear:

VII.

" The nymph, fair Health, you came to find,
" Within these precincts loves to dwell;
" Her breath now fills the balmy wind;
" This path will lead you to her cell."

VIII.

I bended to the primrose low,
And ask'd if Health might there reside:
" She left me," said the flower, " but now,
" For yonder violet's purple pride."

IX.

I question'd next the violet's queen,
Where buxom Health was to be found?
She told me that she late was seen
With cowslips toying on the ground.

X.

Then thrice I kiss'd the cowslips pale,
And in their dew-drops bath'd my face;
I told them all my tender tale,
And begg'd their aid coy Health to trace.

XI.

" From us," exclaim'd a lowly flower,
" The nymph has many a day been gone,
" But now she rests within the bower,
" Where yonder hawthorn blooms alone."

XII.

Quick to that bower I ran, I flew,
And yet no nymph I there could find;
But freſh the breeze of morning blew,
And Spring was gay, and Flora kind.

XIII.

If I return'd ſedate and ſlow,
What if the nymph I could not ſee?
The bluſh that paſs'd along my brow
Was proof of her divinity.

XIV.

And ſtill her votary to prove,
And ſtill her dulcet ſmiles to ſhare,
I'll tread the fields, I'll haunt the grove,
With untir'd ſteps and fondeſt care.

XV.

Goddeſs below'd! vouchſafe to give
A boon, a precious boon to me!
Within thy influence let me live,
And ſometimes, too, thy beauties ſee.

XVI.

So ſhall the muſe in nobler verſe,
And ſtrength renew'd, exulting ſing;
Thy praiſe, thy charms, thy power, rehearſe,
And ſweep with bolder hand the ſtring.

NATURE AND PHYSIC.

"*Nature I'll court in her ſequeſter'd haunts*
" *By mountain, meadow, ſtreamlet, grove or cell,*
" *Where the pois'd lark his morning ditty chaunts,*
" *And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.*"
SMOLLETT.

I.

SAYS Nature to Phyſic, "What pity that we,
" Who ought to be friends, ſhould ſo ſeldom agree,
" Who ought to aſſiſt and to ſuccour each other,
" And in amity live, like a ſiſter and brother.

II.

" But to look for this concord, alas, is in vain!
" Of phyſical noſtrums I've much to complain:
" Tho' a goddeſs confeſs'd—yet like the weak ſex,
" I'm perverſe the more if my temper you vex.

III.

" And you Doctors, whate'er you think proper to ſay,
" For ever are putting me out of my way.
" With medical legions my humours you chace,
" Till pallid reſentment appears in my face.

IV.

" *Aperients, aſtringents, narcotics*, combine
" To thwart and oppoſe me in ev'ry deſign ;
" And ſuch vollies of pills are diſcharg'd at my head,
" That my ſtrength is exhauſted, my energy dead.

V.

" But Phyſic ſhould know I am not to be taught,
" By *ſevere flagellation* to do what I ought ;
" That my faults may be mended by *gentle correction*,
" To which *ſcience* and *talents* muſt give the direction.

VI.

" Would ye wiſh then, ye Doctors, your practice may prove,
" To conciliate my favour and cheriſh my love,
" With genius and candour take Nature in hand,
" Conduct by perſuaſion—not force by command.

VII.

" So ſhall Phyſic once more be held in repute,
" And her merit eſtabliſh'd beyond all diſpute,
" When preſcriptions are made, which the Patient muſt ſee,
" Are all *for his good*, and congenial to me."

INVITATION

TO

AMANDA.

I.

Come, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wint'ry ſtorms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the ſky.

II.

The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Earth ſpreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and muſic all we hear!
'Tis love and beauty all we ſee!

III.

Come, let us mark the gradual ſpring,
How peep the buds, the bloſſom blows,
Till Philomel begins to ſing,
And perfect May to ſpread the roſe.

IV.

Let us ſecure the ſhort delight,
And wiſely crop the blooming day:
For ſoon, too ſoon it will be night,
Ariſe, my love, and come away.

CONTENTMENT, PEACE, AND HEALTH.

I.

In rural eaſe let me enjoy
Contentment, peace, and health;
The happy mean, ſo rarely found,
Nor poverty nor wealth.

II.

Let meek-ey'd ſenſibility,
Sweet innocence, and love,
With friendſhip, thou angelic gueſt!
Be preſent where I rove.

III.

May virtue guide, and prudence guard
Th' effuſions of the ſoul,
Let reaſon, ſenſe, and wit refin'd,
Unite the perfect whole.

IV.

Thus let me live in rural eaſe,
Glide calmly to the end,
When dead, be graven on each heart,
A warm and ſteady friend.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

APPLICABLE TO THE

UNTIMELY DEATH

OF THE

CELEBRATED POET,

ROBERT BURNS.

To which are added,

VERSES ON TIME,

AND ON

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

Have we not seen him sporting on these plains?
Have we not heard him strike the Muse's lyre?
Have we not felt the magic of his strains,
Which often glow'd with fancy's warmest fire?

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

On the 21st of July 1796, died at Dumfries, in the 37th year of his age, after a lingering illness, the celebrated Robert Burns, the Scottish poet. His poetical compositions, distinguished equally by the force of native humour, by the warmth and the tenderness of passion, and by the glowing touches of a descriptive pencil, will remain a lasting monument of the vigour and versatility of a mind, guided only by the light of nature and the inspirations of genius.

The public, to whose amusement he has so largely contributed, will learn, with regret, that his extraordinary endowments were accompanied with frailties which rendered them useless to himself and his family. The last months of his short life were spent in sickness and indigence; and his widow, with five infant children, and in hourly expectation of a sixth, is now left without any resource but what she may hope from the regard due to the memory of her husband.

The following Elegiac Stanzas, being written upon a similar event, describe so well the feelings which naturally arise on considering the untimely death of Burns, that it is hoped their publication will meet the approbation of the public.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

APPLICABLE TO THE

UNTIMELY DEATH

OF THE

CELEBRATED POET,

ROBERT BURNS.

I

DARK was the night—and silence reign'd o'er all;
No mirthful sounds urg'd on the ling'ring hour:
The fleeted ghost flak'd ghastly through the hall,
And every breast confess'd chill horror's pow'r;

II.

Slumb'ring I lay: I mus'd on human hopes:
"Vain, vain, I cry'd, are all the hopes we form;
"When winter comes, the sweetest flow'ret drops,
"And oaks themselves must bend before the storm."

III.

While thus I spake, a voice assail'd my ear,
'Twas sad—'twas slow—it fill'd my mind with dread!
"Foolhar, it cry'd—thy moral lays forbear,
"Or change the strain—for BURNS, alas! is dead,

IV.

" Have we not feen him fporting on thefe plains?
" Have we not heard him ftrike the Mufe's lyre?
" Have we not felt the magic of his ftrains,
" Which often glow'd with fancy's warmeft fire?

V.

" Have we not hop'd thefe ftrains would long be heard?
" Have we not told how oft they touch'd the foul?
" And has not Scotia faid, her youthful BARD
" Might fpread her fame ev'n to the diftant pole?

VI.

" But vain, alas! are all the hopes we rais'd; (o'er
" Death ftrikes the blow—they ftink—their reign is
" And thofe fweet fongs, which we fo oft have prais'd—
" Thefe mirthful ftrains fhall now be heard no more.

VII.

" This, this proclaims how vain are all the joys
" Which we with ardour covet to attain;
" Since ruthlefs fate fo oft, fo foon deftroys
" The high-born hopes ev'n of the Mufes' train."

VIII.

I heard no more—The cock, with clarion fhrill,
Loudly proclaim'd th' approach of morning near—
The voice was gone—but yet I heard it ftill—
For every note was echo'd back by fear.

IX.

" Perhaps, I cry'd, ere yonder rising sun
" Shall sink his glories in the western wave;
" Perhaps ere then my race too may be run,
" And I myself laid in the silent grave.

X.

" Oft then, O mortals! oft this dreadful truth
" Should be proclaim'd—for fate is in the sound,
" *That genius, learning, health and vigorous youth*
" *May, in one day, in death's cold chains be bound.*"

ON TIME.

I.

SAY, is there ought that can convey
An image of its transient stay!
'Tis an hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail.

II.

'Tis a courser's straining steed;
'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey.

III.

'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the purfuing fight;
'Tis a vapour in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind ruſhing there.

IV.

'Tis a ſhort-liv'd fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a ſhower;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a winter's day.

V.

'Tis a torrent's rapid ſtream;
'Tis a ſhadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the cloſing watch of night,
Dying at approaching light.

VI.

'Tis a landſcape vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'Tis a lamp that waſtes its fires;
'Tis a ſmoke that quick expires.

'Tis a bubble; 'tis a ſigh;
Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

I.

LIFE's like the damask rose you see
Or like the blossom on the tree:
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had;
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
And flowers fade, the morning hastes,
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
The gourd consumes and mortals die!

II.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like a bird that's here to-day
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death; man's life is done.

III.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in the weaver's hand,
Or like the writing in the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
So here, now there, in life and death.
The bubbles burst, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides, man's life is done.

LINES CHARACTERISTIC

OF

ROBERT BURNS,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THE simple Bard, unbroke by rules of art,
Pours forth the wild effusions of the heart;
And, if inspir'd, 'tis nature's powers inspire;
Her's all the melting thrill, her's all the kindling fire.

FINIS.